

The Democratic Left John Kenneth Galbraith

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—August 16 & 23, 1975, 50 cents

Dateline Lisbon

Tad Szulc

President Abroad

JOHN OSBORNE

The Metropolitan Opera

B. H. HAGGIN

OPEC's Friend Jim Akins

ELIOT MARSHALL

Solzhenitsyn's Politics

ROGER MORRIS

TRB

from Washington
August 23, 1975

®

The Stone and the Tree

Once upon a time long ago on a farm in New Hampshire a grandfather brought a small boy, and Jerry and Jim, the oxen, to build a stone wall. They dragged loads back and forth on the stoneboat but there was one white boulder by a sapling that couldn't be budged. So the grandfather built the wall with other stones from the pasture and left with the small boy, looking back regretfully at the quartz boulder.

After they were gone the boulder said to the sapling, "Hello, young thing! You saw them try to dig me out but I was too strong for them. Nobody can budge me."

The sapling was no higher than a barberry bush. "Are you a mountain, sir?" it asked innocently.

The stone gave a gritty chuckle. "Compared to you, maybe," he said. "But, if you'll forgive the apothegm, it takes a glacier, not a man, to budge boulders!" After that he didn't say anything for 70 years.

The winds blew and snows fell and checkerberries hid under fat leaves. After a while the boy came back and noticed that everything was much the same but changed, too, and now he was a grandfather. There was the stone wall he had helped build with Jim and Jerry. Woodchucks lived under it, chipmunks ran along it, snow had covered it, and it looked as though it would last forever.

What he didn't remember, though, was this big tree, right beside the old path. It was, of course, the small sapling that had turned into a splendid maple. The roots had gnarled out around its base for, in New Hampshire, roots don't go down, they spread out. Hadn't there been a big stone here—a white stone, that his grandfather couldn't budge?

Sure enough, there it was; it must be

the same. But a funny thing had happened. A root from the tree had gotten under the stone like a wrestler's arm, and heaved it up year by year, and now the boulder was almost out of the ground, half-balanced on the mound.

"Why, I believe!" he said. And he took a beanpole that his grandfather, or somebody, had left on the wall long ago, and pried under the stone. The big thing hesitated, and rocked, and then suddenly lumbered down the incline to the wall where it should have gone before, as easy as *that!*

"I hope you don't mind?" he asked the stone.

"Of course I mind," said the stone grumpily, breaking a long silence. "Do you think I like being shoved around—here today and gone tomorrow? You gave me no warning; you're one of those impetuous people who want to do everything in a minute. Well, anyway I'm rid of that stupid tree, always elbowing and shoving. And the view of the Pawtuckaway mountains is better here, too, I think. Yes, and there are some respectable stones here that maybe I can get acquainted with. They look lichenized and conservative."

The man said to the fine tree, "I hope you don't mind?"

"Oh, dear no, not at all, sir," said the tree, just as politely as when it was a sapling. "You have taken a weight off my foot, sir."

"What I don't understand," said the man, "is how you managed it. To lift it, I mean. Where I come from the place is full of stones, lying around in the way everywhere, and nobody can shove them."

What's the Hurry?

"Why should people shove them?" interrupted the stone indignantly. "Why can't things just be left alone to adjust gradually? There's too much government interference. Things have a way of working out by themselves if you don't hurry everything."

"You rolled quite a way," said the tree. "I trust you weren't bruised?"

There was a gritty sound like a chuckle. "It's hard to bruise silicon dioxide," he said proudly. "I flatter myself I'm a well-rounded stone, with rough edges smoothed off by travel. I rode down from Canada in the Middle Pleistocene, and we pushed most of New Hampshire over on to Long Island."

"Was it exciting?" asked the tree.

"Wonderful days. Something new

every century! We traveled sensibly too, about a yard-a-year. A perfect speed to conserve energy. Then the glacier dropped me off, at B. F. Lang's, South Lee, New Hampshire, R.F.D. 1, only there were woolly mammoths there then. Always remember this: Glaciers are slow, but they level hills!"

The tree nodded courteously at this apothegm.

The man looked around before he left. The quiet almost frightened you at first, and then your ears picked up the other sounds. A chipmunk chattered, and pines murmured, and some conversational crows flew past. It smelled just the way it did 70 years ago, and the afternoon had that special light; it recalled Jim and Jerry and grandfather.

In those days everybody farmed along the Mast Road where the cellar holes are now, before they discovered that instead of two-inch topsoil in New Hampshire they had 10 feet in Iowa. It was called Mast Road because the King's *Broad Arrow* was blazed on the tallest trees in the Piscataqua mast trade, and it was treason to touch them. The white pines followed the glaciers; the biggest 120 feet, and special straight roads were made to bring them down to tidewater at Great Bay, riding eight-foot mast wheels, 30 yoke straining in front and 10 braking behind (lifted sometimes off their feet.) The trees went to His Majesty's Navy in special mast ships before the Revolution, and Admiral Nelson at Trafalgar knew about Lee's masts and spars . . .

"Well, goodbye," the man said to the tree after a while. "I may be back, or I may not. Thanks for working on the boulder. It would please grandfather, I think. Tell me again how you did it—I mean for those boulders back where I'm going."

"I just grew," said the polite tree. That is bigger than boulders or glaciers. Life is stronger than any of them. And then somebody comes along with a beanpole."

The man hesitated as though he were going to say something, but then walked down to the place by the wall where the holsteins used to wait and tinkle their cowbells impatient to be milked; there used to be a gate here where you could swing with bare feet. Yes, these must be the old rusted hinges. You pushed a bar across the slot to open it.

Behind him the breeze sighed, and the tree seemed to wave a courteous goodbye. "Patience," it said. "Get bigger. And a good beanpole."



THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts*, Vol. 173, Nos. 7 & 8, Issues 3162 & 3163, August 16 & 23, 1975. Published weekly (except the issues of January 4, July 12, August 9, August 23) and distributed by The New Republic, 1244 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 50¢; Yearly subscriptions, \$17; foreign, \$20; students, \$10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, The New Republic, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1975 by The New Republic, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.

Contents

- 5 Keeping Bad Company, Doves and Hawks
- 5 White House Watch: Ford in Europe
—John Osborne
- 5 Solzhenitsyn with a Grain of Salt
—Roger Morris
- 2 Mayor Daley's Revenge
—Milton Viorst
- 1 Volatile Portugal—*Tad Szulc*
- 3 Tasks for the Democratic Left
—John Kenneth Galbraith
- 1 Oiling the Way for Higher Petroleum Prices—*Eliot Marshall*
- 5 Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
- 7 The Metropolitan Opera—*B. H. Haggin*
- 1 Reconsideration: Flann O'Brien's *At Swim-Two-Birds*—*Jerome Klinkowitz*
- 3 Books—Reviews by *Benjamin Dunlap, Reed Whittemore*
- 5 The Back of the Book—*Roger Rosenblatt*
- 3 Correspondence

The Staff

Chairman, Editorial Board—*Martin Peretz*
 Publisher—*Robert J. Myers*
 Managing Editor—*David Sanford*
 Literary Editor—*Roger Rosenblatt*
 Senior Editor—*John Osborne*
 Associate Editor—*Eliot Marshall*
 Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
 Assistant to the Literary Editor—*Cherryl Holt*
 Staff Writer—*Lincoln Caplan*
 Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer, Paul R. Wieck*
 Films and Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
 West Coast Editor—*Peter Barnes*
 Production Manager—*Ilene Briggan Kahane*
 Assistant Production Manager—*Elise D. Ritter*
 Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth A. Scanlan*
 Business Manager—*Pearl Wilmer Ramsey*
 Assistant Business Manager—*Constance Cole Twining*
 New Republic Feature Syndicate—*Leslie B. Seagrave*
 Advertising and Promotion—*Beth W. Newburger*
 Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
 Advertising Representative—*E. Laurence White, 50 E. 42nd St., NYC 10017, (212) 986-6210*

Keeping Bad Company

A plague swept the Drug Enforcement Administration this summer, leaving the agency's reputation in a shambles, its administrator without a job, its chief security officers in a bureaucratic purgatory and much of the senior staff under a cloud of suspicion. The ex-chief of the DEA, John Bartels, was asked to resign by Attorney General Edward Levi on May 30, just a week before the Senate permanent subcommittee on investigations began a public inquiry. The reason: his staff was making bad news. Bartels was caught up in a bitter fight with the two chief security officers over their investigation of a friend of his, also a high official at DEA. The fight, nearly a year old, had ruined morale at DEA; Congress was beginning to rake through the mess in public. When Bartels was invited to leave, the Justice Department gave the lame explanation that Bartels had become so "defensive" about himself and his agency that he could no longer provide "effective leadership." A spokesman insisted this wasn't meant to reflect badly on Bartels' honesty or ability. It just meant he'd encountered some managerial problems.

The hearings, chaired by Sen. Henry Jackson, began soberly. Chief investigator for the Senate staff, Philip Manuel, listed the problems that had come up since 1973, the year the DEA was put together from parts of defunct agencies to become the headquarters of the war against drugs. Manuel's data showed that heroin use, which subsided before 1973, had burst out again after the agency was created; the DEA seemed to be spending too much money buying low quality drugs and information from pushers; the top levels of organized smuggling had not been penetrated; competition between DEA and customs agents made it hard to catch big drug hauls at the border. The last complaint on the list was the most sensational: federal agents were being corrupted on a massive scale. The corruption charge quickly eclipsed the others and turned the first session of inquiry into a brawl.

In trying to drive its case home, the committee adopted a heavy, prosecutorial manner that offended many observers. One example was the mistreatment of agency officials, the "defendants" in the case. The one who took most of the fire, John Bartels, wasn't interviewed at any time during the six months the committee was preparing for its public presentation. Indeed he was silent during the entire first month of testimony. He appeared on July 11 after he cabled chairman Jackson

to ask for time to speak. When Bartels did appear, the chairman taunted him that though he'd graduated magna cum laude from Harvard he had failed to write memos that would support his case. (A sign of evil intent.) And at another point when Bartels was trying to explain what he'd done, Jackson interrupted with a series of questions that he insisted be answered in the absolute, either "true" or "false." This and other mistakes detracted from a good investigation.

How did it all begin? Even that is disputed, but the first clue on record is a memo from the Washington, DC police to the US Attorney for the District of Columbia. An undercover policeman who'd been assigned to spy on illegal gambling wrote last August that he'd seen the chief press officer of the DEA in a local restaurant with some convicted gamblers and a prostitute who was considered an "associate" of drug traffickers. The press officer, Vincent Promuto, was a close friend of Administrator Bartels and was in Europe with Bartels when the police memo came through. In Bartels's absence, the acting head of the agency and his deputy decided to launch an investigation. These men, Chief Inspector Andrew Tartaglino and George Brosan, must have known they were taking a risk. When Bartels got home he was furious. He became angrier still when Brosan suggested that he immediately ask his friend Promuto to resign. Bartels said this was an "atrocious" judgment. He wanted Promuto to have a chance to defend himself against the charges.

Bartels dragooned two of his assistants and an outside consultant to intervene and supervise the security check on Promuto. The consultant first said Promuto should be sent to the New York office and allowed to depart gracefully after a couple of months. That didn't suit Bartels. The consultant tried a new approach. He got a full account of the charges from Bartels and went over them privately with Promuto, ostensibly to elicit the truth. Of course this upset the staff security officers—Tartaglino and Brosan—who thought a coverup might be underway. Bartels next ordered Brosan to write out any questions he might have about Promuto's conduct and give Promuto 24 hours to answer them. Again this troubled the staff because it's easier to come up with an answer in writing than in cross examination. Promuto made handwritten replies on the questionnaire (to avoid going through a secretary) and left some points unanswered. He was not put under oath. When the written quiz was over, Bartels asked the investigators to write a report and file it within a week. He put the case to rest shortly

afterwards when one of his assistants got an unofficial opinion from the Civil Service Commission that a case like Promuto's wouldn't require a hearing. At this point Tartaglino complained to higher-ups in the Justice Department and asked to be taken out of DEA.

In December the problem fell into the lap of then Deputy Attorney General Laurence Silberman. After a brief investigation, Silberman concluded that Bartels was right: the inspectors were trying to "get" their boss. The reason, according to Silberman, was that they were ambitious, defensive and fearful that Bartels was about to expose them as being inefficient. (An efficiency study of their office had begun almost simultaneously with the Promuto investigation.) Though he sided with Bartels from the start, Silberman said nothing until January when press and congressional inquiries provoked him to announce that Bartels had done no wrong. The charges were "without substantial foundation."

In the hearings this summer, Silberman defended his judgment. He began by minimizing the Promuto case. If federal officials can't be seen with prostitutes, then "we will have to empty out Washington." Silberman wasn't surprised that Promuto was seen with a "trafficker" because "most prostitutes are drug users." Silberman thought it was "vicious" of Tartaglino to have started an investigation without his boss's approval. The inspection staff was "out to get Promuto . . . you just don't take those kinds of charges and go to 19 different investigative agencies and blacken Promuto for all time. You try to use a scalpel." Silberman is a partisan in the fight, too.

That's where the hearings ended. Promuto still works for the DEA, in the New York office. Bartels is unemployed. Silberman is ambassador to Yugoslavia. Tartaglino and Brosan have been transferred to the Justice Department, where they wait. Sen. Jackson's hearings will resume in the fall, and now a second congressional inquiry is starting in the House. Reps. Morgan Murphy (D, Ill.), Lester Wolff (D, NY) and Charles Rangel (D, NY) believe that the DEA and particularly Bartels were unfairly treated in the first hearings. Rep. Murphy said, "We are concerned that the Jackson committee was given information by the people who should have been fired."

Meanwhile the Justice Department has been restudying the Bartels-Promuto-Tartaglino affair on its own for the last five months, and the final report is due "within weeks," according to the press office. This review, headed by career prosecutor Michael DeFeo, should untangle the snarl of earlier testimony and set the record straight. Unfortunately the department considers this a confidential internal review and plans to keep it secret. That would be a mistake. Congressional committees will be delving into these "scandals" again this fall, and it would help them to have the issue more clearly isolated. The Justice Department report ought to provide a starting point for the new hearings.

SUMMER SCHEDULE:

we will omit an issue
on August 23 (next week)

Doves and Hawks

Congress delivered the Ford administration another foreign policy setback by forcing suspension of plans to sell Jordan 14 Hawk antiaircraft missile batteries. Under the terms of the Nelson Amendment to the Foreign Military Sales Act of 1974, the two houses had only 20 calendar days in which to disapprove the sale. With this time constraint, and in the face of administration lobbying, it at first seemed unlikely that the deal could be blocked. However swift action by the House International Relations Committee on Rep. Jonathan Bingham's (D, NY) Resolution of Disapproval and the likelihood that the Senate would vote Sen. Clifford Case's (R, NJ) similar resolution left the administration little to do but withdraw its "letter of offer" to Jordan or suffer an embarrassing defeat on the House and Senate floors.

Case and Bingham led the opposition to the arms sale, but there is no question that the administration hurt its own cause when it proposed a sale more than three times the size originally announced and totally out of line with Jordan's legitimate defense needs (*TNR*, May 24, and July 5 & 12). The dangers of the sale were apparent to individuals and organizations across the political spectrum, from traditional liberal opponents of bloated arms trade to conservative columnists and military experts like Adm. Elmo Zumwalt, who testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in support of the Case resolution.

Curiously the most vociferous spokesman for the administration position on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was none other than George McGovern (D, S.Dak.). In closed session he strongly backed the specious administration contention that the full \$350 million sale was necessary to keep King Hussein friendly and to prevent him from turning to the Soviets for weapons; in fact McGovern was the only senator to support the administration down the line. King Hussein is not about to revamp his entire Western-oriented policies just because he cannot get as many Hawk batteries as he wants. Moreover it would be suicidal for him to allow Syrian or Soviet advisers necessary to man these systems on Jordanian soil. It is strange that McGovern, an outspoken foe of foreign military sales, would back the full sale even after the admission by Gen. George Brown that the Joint Chiefs of Staff had unanimously concluded that a sale of from three to six batteries would be sufficient to meet Jordan's likely requirements.

Congress should again be prepared to block this sale if the administration cannot work out a compromise with Jordan that does not increase the likelihood of war in the Middle East. Moreover Congress can now follow its own lead and take positive action on legislation proposed by Sen. Nelson, Reps. Robert F. Drinan (D, Mass.) and Benjamin Rosenthal (D, NY) to involve the

two houses in the early stages of all arms trade decisions. In doing this, Congress would make itself a partner in the foreign policy process, and the reckless transfer of American arms here, there, everywhere might be stopped.

White House Watch

Ford in Europe

Before turning to the serious side of the President's trip to Bonn, Warsaw, Helsinki, Bucharest and Belgrade—and serious and useful work was officially said to have been done, news reports and considerable evidence to the contrary notwithstanding—some of the lighter aspects of Gerald Ford's second trek through Europe in three months will be noted.

The only sloppy honor guard observed during the trip was West Germany's. The loose gray jackets, wrinkled trousers and dusty boots worn by the Federal Republic's soldiers, and the correspondingly casual dress of its sailors and airmen, seemed to comprise a deliberate caricature of the jack-booted, goose-stepping Prussians of bygone times. The smartest honor guard with the harshest, loudest goose-step was Communist Poland's, followed in order of snap and dash by Communist Romania's and Yugoslavia's. Fifteen motorcycle police in white helmets, white jackets, white trousers and black boots escorted President and Mrs. Ford in Bonn. Germans call these officers "white mice." Heads of state get 15 of them, prime ministers seven, foreign ministers five and other cabinet-rank officials three. These statistics came to reporters' attention on the President's first morning in Bonn when the 15 motorcyclists roared into the courtyard under his and Mrs. Ford's bedroom window just after Mr. Ford had complained that noise in the courtyard was keeping him and his wife awake.

At every stop the President thanked his hosts for their welcomes to him, "my wife Betty and our son Jack." Jack Ford, aged 23, and 13-year-old David Kissinger, the Secretary of State's son by his first marriage, were all over the place. Unlike his father, David Kissinger is handsome. He is also prematurely sage of visage, startlingly adult at first look. He and Jack inspected factories, visited a famous university in Cracow, Poland, and on their formal sorties were accompanied by "pools" of reporters and cameramen, just like their parents were. During an early morning hunt on the estate of the owner of the castle where the Fords stayed in Germany, Jack killed the extraordinary total of four boar. His host, a baron, said he usually killed no more than one or two in a whole hunting season. Jack, somewhat embarrassed, said he suspected the baron's beaters had made things unusually easy for

him. Jack Ford, who recently earned a university degree in forestry, told reporters that he'd like to join the US Forest Service but can't because it would smack of nepotism. So he's going to spend the next year or so campaigning for his father's nomination and election.

Two of the President's foreign opposites, First Secretary Leonid Brezhnev of the USSR and President Tito of Yugoslavia, were observed by reporters with special closeness, Brezhnev because of his rumored illness and Tito because he seems to be astoundingly trim and vigorous at the age of 83. Brezhnev's entourage denied that anything is wrong with him. The slow and rather halting delivery of his address to the European security conference in Helsinki and his abbreviated attendance on at least one public occasion suggested that it may be true that he's suffering from severe dental trouble at best and cancer of the mouth at worst. On the one occasion when I saw him close-up, awaiting Mr. Ford at the Soviet embassy in Helsinki, he made a show of striding up and down the driveway at the entrance and, when the President arrived, joshing and throwing out his right fist and generally professing to be in fine fettle. During the wait he joked with his interpreter, Victor Sukhodrev, and with Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. Brezhnev in these exchanges had what I took to be a look of sardonic amusement, a look that persisted when he was joined by President Ford. Tito with his jet-black hair, his firm voice in speeches and toasts, and his brisk stride at the

Belgrade airport and elsewhere, appeared to be in excellent physical shape, except for one observed circumstance. During an appearance with President Ford, billed as a joint report to the press on the visit to Belgrade, Tito never once lifted his head from the back of the sofa where he and his guest were seated while they delivered their respective statements.

On a long and pointless journey by train from Bucharest into the Romanian countryside, a good example of the insanely crowded schedule that the President let his hosts and staff impose upon him throughout the trip, Henry Kissinger accompanied Mr. Ford on a tour of magnificent Peles Castle, once a home of Romanian kings. The President asked to be shown "the king's bedroom" and, in that rococo chamber, said to Kissinger, "Henry, the royal bedroom." A Romanian official remarked that Kissinger appeared to be all for monarchy. "Only for myself," Kissinger retorted.

Fresh insight into the current mood of Secretary Kissinger, still as always since 1969 the most interesting member of the Republican administration, was acquired along the way. His mood in essence is a contradictory blend of confidence and something close to despair—"my paranoia," he calls the latter in his joking fashion. As recently as early 1975, he was saying that he'd serve through the present term if the President continued to want him to, but not a day after the close of the term in 1977. Now, to the distress of some of his closest and most devoted associates, he does not exclude the possibility of remaining in office if Mr. Ford is elected next year and asks him to stay. Kissinger is under the impression that the President has already invited him to stay. The associates find this change distressing because it indicates to them that Kissinger has succumbed to a vice that in others he regards with the utmost contempt: namely, a yen for status and power for their own sake, along with a conviction that he is indispensable. I give him better than that, believing that he really means it when he says that the continued easing of tensions in the world and the furtherance of détente with the Soviet Union constitute an opportunity, a mission, that no man is entitled to forgo or desert if he is offered the chance and has the ability to promote those great purposes.

Kissinger has seen all the evidence concerning his connection with wiretapping, CIA activities and other questioned practices that has been gathered from White House, NSC, CIA, State Department, Defense Department, FBI and other files and provided to the special investigating committee headed by Sen. Frank Church. Kissinger is convinced that nothing in these documents is sufficiently damning to ruin him. And yet, he recognizes the possibility that in the current climate of suspicion and tendency to assume guilt a hostile senator or House investigator may make enough of some of the evidence to seriously impair his effectiveness or even—the thought occurs to him—persuade the President that his Secretary of State must



Where in hell have you been?

go. Kissinger perceives no sign of the latter consequence and, in his happier moments, is certain that it will never happen.

Along with the confidence there is a defensiveness. Kissinger consciously tries nowadays to restrain his inclination to call in journalists and correct references to him and his policies that seem to him to be unjust or inaccurate. On this trip a senior member of his personal retinue, State Department Counselor Helmut Sonnenfeldt, did it for him. Sonnenfeldt rebuked reporters for stories adding up Kissinger's drolleries into an account that seemed to make light of the whole journey; suggesting that the "Act of Helsinki" that Mr. Ford and 34 other statesmen signed at the close of the European security conference was little more than a mess of empty rhetoric; and, contrarily and to the greater fury of Sonnenfeldt, holding that the President's signing of the same document signified Republican ratification and acceptance of the surrenders of principle and advantage allegedly made by Franklin Roosevelt to Josef Stalin at Yalta in 1945.

Kissinger suspects that Defense Secretary James R. Schlesinger was the source of a recent report that Kissinger advocated and Schlesinger opposed the use of B-52 bombers to compel the Cambodian Communists to release the seized freighter *Mayaguez*. The story heard in Kissinger's vicinity is that it never came to advocating or opposing the actual use of the bombers; he did argue for placing B-52s in readiness, in case President Ford ordered retaliatory action before the carrier *Coral Sea* got close enough to Cambodia for operations against the captors of the *Mayaguez*. Kissinger does not, however, regard Schlesinger as a critic or rival who acts and talks against him in a malicious way. Kissinger reserves that distinction for senior White House assistants whom he does not name but are known to include Counselor Robert Hartmann and Press Secretary Ron Nessen. "Bullshit!" Nessen exclaimed in Helsinki when he was told that he was rumored to be the source of a UPI report that some Ford assistants were complaining that Kissinger is "not a team player." Kissinger finds it difficult to believe that one of the White House sharpshooters is Staff Chief Donald Rumsfeld, who professes profound admiration and friendship for the Secretary of State. Kissinger also finds it hard to believe that some of the high-level sharpshooting could be occurring without Rumsfeld's knowledge.

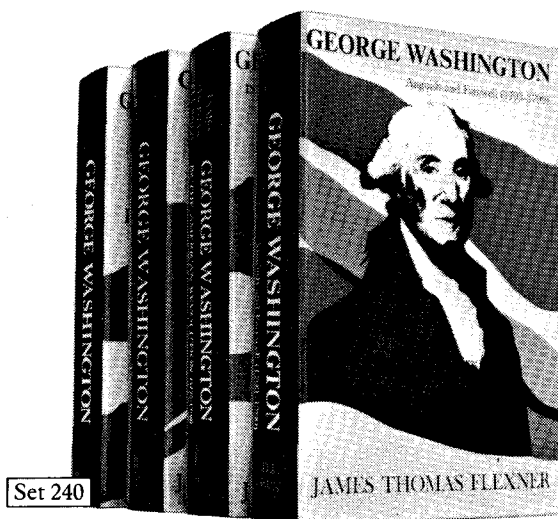
An example of Kissinger's role on the European trip and the cloudy rumors that obscured the role was provided by the President's visit to Auschwitz, the Nazi concentration camp in Poland where at least four million Jews and non-Jews were worked, starved, beaten, tortured, gassed and shot to death. Former Chancellor Willy Brandt of West Germany, Prime Minister Harold Wilson of Great Britain and President Giscard d'Estaing of France had visited the camp, now a

national Polish memorial to Nazi bestiality, and had spent up to two hours touring its abandoned brick dormitories, the ruins of its gas chambers and crematories, and the museum where mounds of human hair and gold teeth taken from murdered victims are among the preserved reminders of horror. President Ford's original schedule called for him to pass a total of 12 minutes at the camp site, three minutes at the brooding bronze monument that marks it, and not a second in actual inspection of the camp. American embassy officials in Warsaw and members of the White House advance party understood that Kissinger, a Jew who was born in Germany and knew that six of his relatives had died at Auschwitz, opposed a visit to the camp and, once a visit was decided upon, insisted upon the shortest possible stay there. In the event, the President spent 20 minutes at Auschwitz, including seven minutes at the monument and in a very brief look into one of the dormitories. When the President's Polish guide and Communist First Secretary Edward Gierek, Mr. Ford's senior host in Poland, urged him to take the few additional minutes necessary for a pause at a dormitory, reporters saw Mr. Ford look toward Kissinger. Kissinger nodded assent and the President walked to a dormitory door and stared inside. Later that day, during the flight from nearby Cracow to Helsinki, Press Secretary Nessen told Kissinger of the rumors that he had first opposed and then minimized the visit to Auschwitz. Kissinger said that was ridiculous. Why on earth would he oppose it? What possible policy considerations could there be for opposing it? All that he had opposed and prevented, he told Nessen, was a visit to the museum. He had maintained, he said, that it would not be fitting for a President of the United States to spend an hour or more looking at the hair, the teeth, the flogging benches, the instruments of torture, the documents of Nazis and victims that make up the exhibits. As for the incredible American and Polish snafus that accompanied the decisions first to bar most of the Ford press party from visiting the camp and then to let the entire party go there, Kissinger said he had nothing to do with that phase of the affair.

American officials in Warsaw confessed that the President and Gierek had very little substantive business to transact, the major matters pending between Poland and the US having been wrapped up when Gierek got a lavish welcome in Washington last year. Enroute from Helsinki to Bucharest, it was evident aboard Air Force One that the President hadn't bothered to study the schedule prepared for him in Romania. The time spent in patently empty ceremony in Bonn and Belgrade suggested that little if any more of substance was attempted or accomplished there. Bonn aside—a presidential visit to the capital of a committed friend is always in order—why had Mr. Ford and Kissinger decided to visit the three capitals of Communist Poland, Romania and Yugoslavia? The answer was obvious and, in my opinion, very sound: of

The glory and anguish of the American past...

Choose Any Set For



Set 240

James Thomas Flexner's

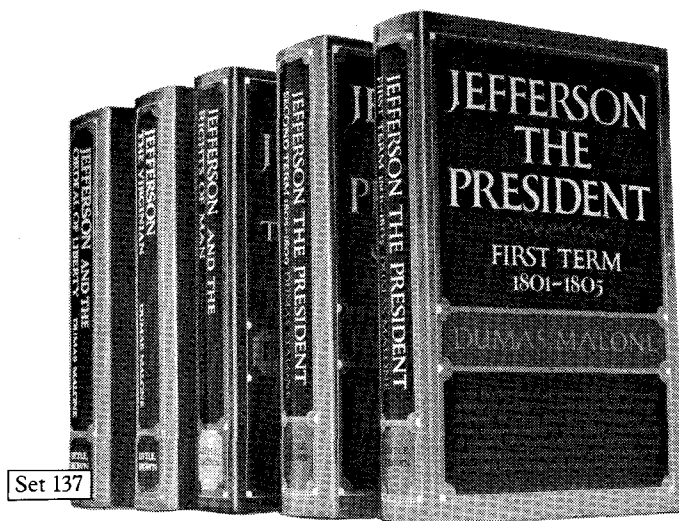
GEORGE WASHINGTON

4 Volumes, Publisher's Price \$60.00/Save \$56.00

Not the marble bust but the flesh-and-blood Washington

—brilliantly portrayed in this celebrated work by a leading historian. National Book Award.

Special Pulitzer Citation.



Set 137

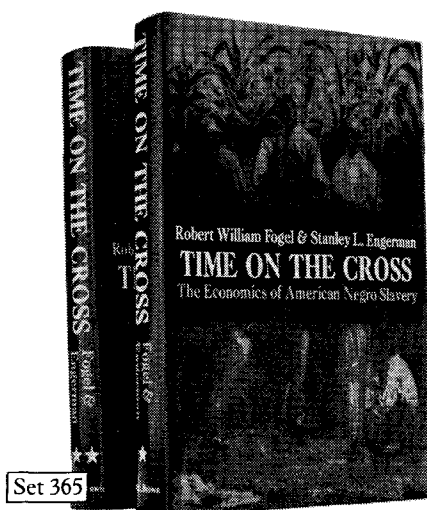
Dumas Malone's

JEFFERSON AND HIS TIME

5 Volumes, Publisher's Price \$72.50/Save \$67.50

From his Virginia youth through his troubled second term as president. Biography surpassing anything you've ever read on Jefferson and his world.

1975 Pulitzer Prize.



Set 365

R. W. Fogel and S. L. Engerman's

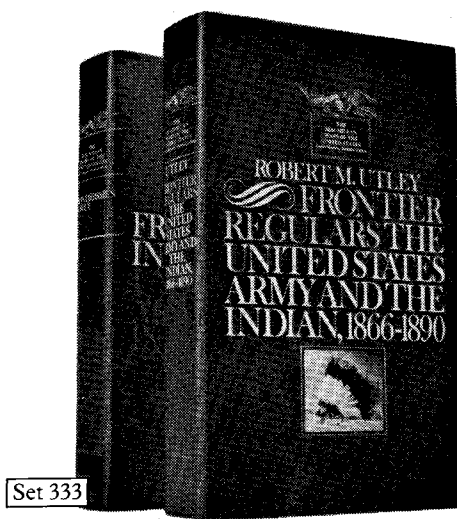
TIME ON THE CROSS

2 Volumes,

Publisher's Price \$21.45/Save \$19.45

New historical methods lead to the controversial finding that slavery was not an unprofitable system and that slaves were often better off than free laborers.

1975 Bancroft Prize.



Set 333

Robert M. Utley's

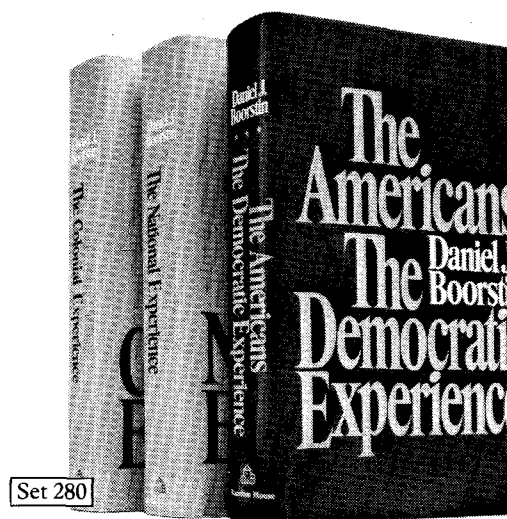
THE U.S. ARMY AND THE INDIAN

2 Volumes,

Publisher's Price \$22.90/Save \$20.90

The Army's role (1848-90) in the

tragic destruction of our native Americans.



Set 280

Daniel J. Boorstin's

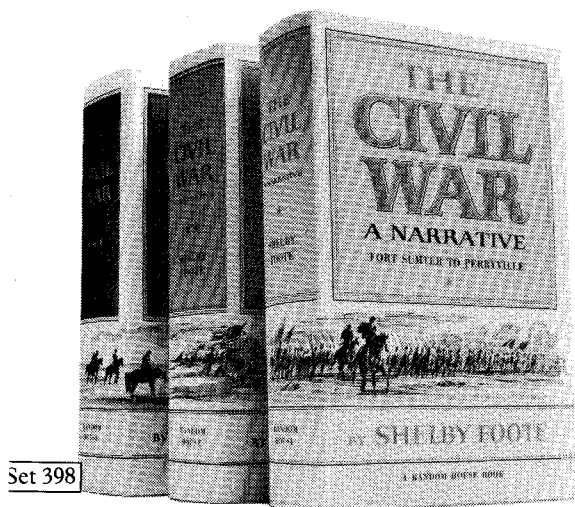
THE AMERICANS

3 Volumes,

Publisher's Price \$35.00/Save \$32.00

A social historian's sweeping trilogy on the roots of civilization—the harsh realities of colonial days, the great trek West, and the mixed blessings of industrialization. Pulitzer Prize.

A Dollar A Volume



Set 398

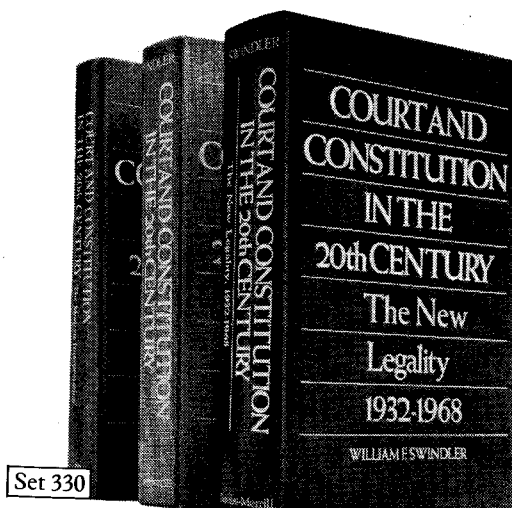
Shelby Foote's

THE CIVIL WAR: A Narrative

3 Volumes, Publisher's Price \$75.00/Save \$72.00

By a historian who is also a gifted novelist — the opening shot at Fort Sumter through the surrender at Appomattox.

"A remarkable achievement, prodigiously researched, vigorous, detailed, absorbing." — *N. Y. Times*



Set 330

William F. Swindler's

COURT AND CONSTITUTION IN THE 20TH CENTURY

3 Volumes, Publisher's Price \$37.40/Save \$34.40

Timely and readable account of how the major Supreme Court decisions of the last 75 years affect the meaning of the Constitution today.

A rare opportunity to enrich your library with one of these enduring works, at a fraction of its usual cost. Savings up to \$72, with trial membership.

We gave the world the Declaration of Independence and the Atom Bomb. Freed our slaves and crushed our Indians. Elected Lincoln and elected Nixon....

A rich mixture, the American past — which is one reason it makes lively reading. And the best of written history — not only of America but of all mankind — is the province of The History Book Club.

Now in its 27th year, the Club provides its members with the finest new books of history and world affairs — always at substantial savings. If you've never tried us, you've missed some great reading and unusual buys. But none quite like this one.

For a mere dollar a volume, we'll send you any one of the magnificent sets pictured — with your first selection at the reduced member's price (any book listed below).

If you're less than delighted, return all the books (we'll pay postage) and that's that. Or keep them and take just four more books during the coming year from the 175 or so offered each month.

They're easy to take at \$3, \$4, \$5 (and more) off bookstore prices. No stinting on physical quality either; all our books are the equal of the publishers' editions. And this Club has a Bonus Plan that lets you pick any book we offer, not just certain ones.

Pick one of the fine books below as your first Selection at the reduced member's price:

(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** shows member's price.)

858. Napoleon Bonaparte

By Vincent Cronin. Drawing on recently discovered sources, an intimate biography of Napoleon the man. **\$12.50/\$8.50**

139. Disease and History

By Frederick F. Cartwright. The havoc wrought by epidemic and malady on the course of history. **\$9.95/\$7.50**

138. Seven Who Shaped Our Destiny: The Founding Fathers as Revolutionaries

By Richard B. Morris. **\$10.00/\$7.50**

347. The Army of the Caesars

By Michael Grant. **\$15.00/\$9.95**

387. Paine

By David Freeman Hawke. A brilliant new portrait of the erratic, often mercenary character of Tom Paine. **\$15.00/\$9.95**

407. The House of Medici: Its Rise and Fall

By Christopher Hibbert. **\$12.50/\$8.95**

418. The War Against the Jews

By Lucy S. Dawidowicz. The terrifying story of Hitler's systematic annihilation of six million people. **\$15.00/\$9.95**

104. The Indian Heritage of America

By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. **\$10.00/\$7.50**

671. Medieval History: The Life and Death of a Civilization

By Norman F. Cantor. **\$11.50/\$8.50**

146. Karl Marx: His Life and Thought

By David McLellan. **\$15.00/\$9.95**

411. War to the Death

By Raymond Rudorff. Spanish resistance to Napoleon's invasion — an epic narrative of superhuman courage against impossible odds. **\$8.95/\$7.15**

386. Roll, Jordan, Roll: The World the Slaves Made

By Eugene D. Genovese. Challenging stereotyped ideas about American slavery. 1975 Bancroft Prize. **\$17.50/\$12.50**

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB • Stamford, Conn. 06904

A note on how the Club works: Every four weeks, you receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing: the book will come automatically. To order a different book or no book, return the card by the specified date. You will have at least 10 days to make your choice — but if you get an unwanted book because of late mail, we guarantee return postage.

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the books whose numbers I'm entering below. Bill my set at \$1 a volume and my first selection at the reduced member's price. (Modest shipping charges will be added.) Set # Selection #

I may return all the books within two weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or I will take four more books within a year, always at reduced member's prices plus shipping. Thereafter, I may resign at any time. NR-57D

Print Name

Address

City

State Zip

In Canada: Mail to The History Book Club, 16 Overlea Blvd., Toronto M4H 1A6, Ontario.

the Communist countries in Eastern Europe, those three had dared to show the strongest desire for maximum attainable independence from the Soviet Union. Tito had declared his government's operative independence in 1948; President Ceausescu of Romania had in later years been almost as open and outspoken in his insistence upon the same independence; and Edward Gierek, the most cautious of the three party and national leaders, was steadily edging toward a similar position. Kissinger had no difficulty in reconciling encouragement of this trend with his labors for accommodation with the Soviet Union. Maximum pressures from the USSR's European family and borders, he reasoned, made for maximum Soviet readiness to offer the concessions necessary for effective US-Soviet détente.

From the official American standpoint, that is what the European security conference and the President's signature of the concluding Act of Helsinki are principally about. The non-binding commitments to human rights discussed by William Korey in this journal's previous issue are important, but they are not central to the American interest in and subscription to the Act of Helsinki. The central American interest is in the acceptance by the Soviet Union, in the person and with the signature of Leonid Brezhnev, of such language as that in the statement that: "The participating states will respect each other's sovereign equality and individuality as well as all the rights inherent in and encompassed by its sovereignty, including in particular the right of every state to juridical equality, to territorial integrity, and to freedom and political independence." Such language can be far more significant than accompanying references to "the inviolability of frontiers" and the qualifying statement that frontiers are subject to change by peaceful means and agreement. Kissinger was prepared to say, if he had been asked at his press conferences in Europe (he wasn't asked), that Soviet acceptance of the quoted language amounted at least in principle to repeal and invalidation of the infamous "Brezhnev doctrine," first enunciated in 1968 after the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia. The doctrine held that the Soviet government has the right to intervene militarily in any "Socialist" country where the Soviet version of "socialism" is threatened. As President Ford kept saying in an effort to placate suspicious American critics, both conservative and liberal, nothing in the Act of Helsinki requires the Soviet Union, the US, or any others of the 35 participants to do or not do anything. But it seems to me, as it does to Kissinger, that the concession in principle inherent in the cited language makes nonsense of the complaints that at Helsinki the US surrendered Eastern Europe to the Soviet Union. What do these blithering conservative and liberal idiots want—resumption of cold-war confrontation?

John Osborne

Solzhenitsyn with A Grain of Salt

In the intellectual torpor of this post-Watergate summer, Alexander Solzhenitsyn has been a wrenching, sometimes exhilarating experience. Like his writing, his speeches in Washington and New York on what he calls the "catastrophic" situation in the world have been both literary and political events. *The Washington Post* likened him to "an old Chautauqua lecturer," leaving his audience "fatigued and puzzled by the power of his presence." The puzzlement was real enough; there seems no precedent or analogy for this man in the American experience. His suffering and genius and commitment lie so far away from what we know. A culture swamped by the mediocre and the synthetic may have forgotten a descriptive term for the truly great.

Few artists embody so much in flesh and blood as he does the fervor and subtlety of their creations. Watching Solzhenitsyn, one remembers Archibald MacLeish's indictment of modern America, our "divorce between knowing and feeling." Here, clearly, is a human being who knows and feels in vast proportions.

However, the factual content of Solzhenitsyn's message and the quality of his "knowing" about America and the world are in some ways depressingly familiar. As many before him with much less depth, Solzhenitsyn sees the universe in a way that fits his own ordeal much better than the wider, more complex, and surely less didactic reality. And in searching to vindicate his personal experience, he evoked in his speeches here this summer a dubious history and doctrine that are a disservice both to America and to his beloved, tortured Russia.

It has been harder to see the flaws in Solzhenitsyn's politics what with the consummate stupidity of the Ford administration's reactions to his visit. The off-again, on-again meeting with the President, the shabby leaks from Secretary Kissinger about Slavic "mystics" and "threats" to the peace, have only accentuated the refreshing contrast between the author and the largely unprincipled men of government. As it was, the episode probably cost Mr. Ford more with shaky conservative voters than a meeting would have offended the Kremlin. Solzhenitsyn's speeches have been embarrassing as well to the liberal opposition in Congress, whose banality or plain evasion in the so-called post-Vietnam foreign policy debate suffered badly in comparison to the eloquence and effectiveness of much of his attack on détente.

But none of this symbolic contribution erases what Solzhenitsyn was saying, albeit with such novel conviction. Of his many appearances, perhaps the most representative, and certainly the most publicized, was his address in Washington before a huge gathering of

labor leaders and other notables under the auspices of the AFL-CIO. The main themes of that speech illustrate something of Solzhenitsyn's own "divorce" between his enormous intellect and moral sensibility.

At the base of Solzhenitsyn's admonition is his slanted view of post-World War II history, and specifically the failure of the West to enforce its will on Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. "How were we to explain this?" he asked his labor audience of the "surrender." "Victorious states always dictate peace, they receive firm conditions, they create the sort of situation which accords with their philosophy, their concept of liberty, their concept of national interest."

For the author of *August 1914*, who is chronicling with great precision the course of his country in the First World War, what this argument omits is staggering. "Victorious states"? It is as if the defense of Moscow, Stalingrad, the great tank flanking battles on the steppes, Zhukov's march on Berlin, Solzhenitsyn's own war service, 12 million casualties, had somehow never happened. It's as if a vengeful Soviet regime, and a justifiably Germanophobic nation behind it, had never lodged beyond Brest-Litovsk the largest army ever fielded to reclaim the buffer that was probably the one war aim of the Kremlin commanding the popular support of the Russian people. The ensuing Soviet repression of Eastern Europe is undeniably a savage era. But to condemn the West for not fighting a deranged Stalin into the nuclear age over what would have soon become the corpses of a half-dozen countries is bad history and mad policy.

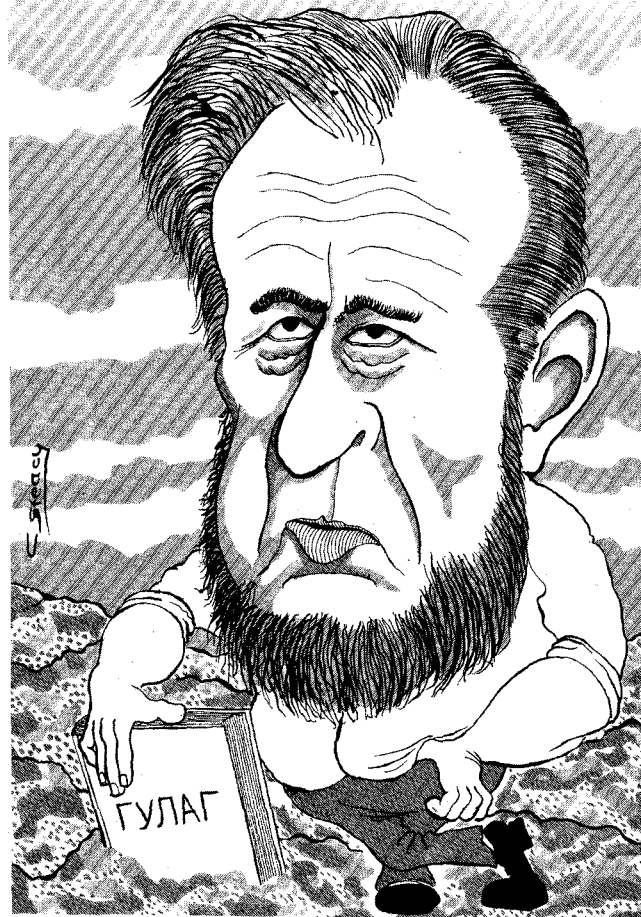
Solzhenitsyn's distortions of the postwar division of Europe are related in part to an equally simplistic and mistaken view of Western policy. While surrendering Eastern Europe, the Western powers just "signed one capitulation after another." He told George Meany and others who knew better that President Roosevelt "gave unlimited aid [to the USSR] and then unlimited concessions." Delivered in a dramatic Russian with a now somber, now crashing cadence, this is nonetheless the old Yalta *mythos*, unraveled by a generation of painstaking scholarship in both Europe and America, and ultimately destroyed by the archives and memoirs of the American administrations which, in the grip of a paranoia to match Moscow's, contributed amply to the mutual suspicion and belligerence of the cold war. Ironically, because it is the method Solzhenitsyn's former official tormentors are so adept at, unpalatable facts never intrude on his arguments: NATO, CENTO, SEATO, the re-arming of Germany, the nuclear arms and missile races, the mindless anti-Communism and xenophobia that encased American politics for a generation . . .

Solzhenitsyn's account of the years since the war is, if anything, still less recognizable. Thus: "There are Soviet satellites in Africa, and almost all of Asia is taken over by them." Or, "China and the Soviet Union, both actively participating in *détente*, have grabbed three

countries of Indochina." All of this should come as a revelation to the Africans who generally regard the Russians as even more useless than other Europeans, to the generals in Indonesia who still occasionally torture the surviving Communists in their jails, to Mrs. Gandhi and Mr. Bhutto who have their own ideas about democratic centralism, to the distinctly capitalist interests running the Philippines, Taiwan, Thailand and assorted other Asian states, and not least to those "grabbed" countries of Indochina whose hatred of foreigners, including first the Chinese, is older than the recorded annals of even Solzhenitsyn's ancient *Rus*.

None of these sweeping inventions quite prepares the audience though, for Solzhenitsyn's summary verdict on the 30 years of surrender: "There was no war," he observes, "but there might as well have been." It is moral myopia and presumption of almost incredible magnitude. The author of *Cancer Ward* or *Matryona's House* was left behind this summer by the political evangelist, now intent on shock and effect rather than the uncertain, contradictory grappling, as he once put it in the prose poem *Reflections*, with the "eternal lineaments of truth."

Solzhenitsyn is obviously on firmer ground in his preachments about the evils of the Soviet system at home. His sarcastic dismissal ("simply funny to Soviet citizens") of the irrelevant intricacies of Kremlinology, which has been a cold war WPA for several waves of American academics, is devastatingly on target from Columbia to Stanford. "There is some sort of struggle



for power, but they all agree on the essentials," he says of the Politburo in what could be an epitaph for any tyrannical elite. Yet that very banality of the Soviet regime, the brutal character of the modern state in general, the absence of once clear boundaries between liberty and tyranny—what is perhaps the core reality of 20th century politics Solzhenitsyn never engages.

It is a horrid system, he tells us about the USSR with chilling examples, "where all the decisions mature in secrecy, high up in a small irresponsible group, and then are released on us and you like a bolt of lightning." One wonders if Solzhenitsyn understands too that this description applies as well to Exxon and the energy crisis, to Cargill and Continental Grain and the price of bread and meat, to ITT in Chile, in some measure to the Pentagon budget, to Gen. Lavelle's bombing of North Vietnam, or even to some of the decisions made by the obliging labor leaders who invited him to speak.

These are as much the realities of an increasingly inhospitable world as the labor camps and torture "hospitals" of the USSR. The human spirit is degraded and exploited in numberless ways besides the perverse imagination or application of the KGB. And a man of Solzhenitsyn's vision owes humanity a more honest acknowledgment of that truth. To have written his literature with the same narrowly propagandistic purpose he fastens on his politics would almost certainly have left Alexander Solzhenitsyn a trivial and forgotten Russian writer.

In a sense, the most shocking and important refrain in Solzhenitsyn's speeches has been his climactic summons to the West to intervene in the Soviet Union and in the struggle for human rights. "But I tell you," he implored an uneasy AFL-CIO audience, "Interfere more and more. Interfere as much as you can. We beg you to come and interfere."

If only he were addressing a nation that could manage the delicate balance diplomatically and intellectually between supine compromise and tragic zealotry. But the history of our excesses, of our arrogance, is too fresh, and the worst danger from this remarkable man is that he would, for his own purposes, give us back the self-righteousness that fueled the whole nightmare.

Once more, his politics is contradicted by the history of his own country. Foreign "interference" in Russia died with the Allied expeditionary forces after World War I, a little exercise that most historians now agree was a tonic to the Bolsheviks and poison to the anti-Communist forces caught in the middle. In any event, Solzhenitsyn must know that no outside force created the rot of the Tsarist system, the happenstance rise of the Bolsheviks, the submission of the party to Stalin, the survival today of a Soviet system that is the epitome of Marxist alienation. All that and more about this tormented people lies deep in *their* history and culture, beyond the "interference" or manipulation of outsiders, even if we were qualified to make such momentous judgments—and we are not.

Perhaps the tragic element of Solzhenitsyn's speeches is that he does not understand how much his audience suffers a lack of the gifts he asks them to give. He asks for purpose and justice in an America that, in the "lineaments of truth" if not in politics, is doubtful about its purpose and unable to heal its own injustices. The question he is really asking us is probably the same he poses at the end of one of his most poignant prose poems, "The City on the Neva." "And what of our disastrous, chaotic lives?" he asked. "What of our explosions of protest, the groans of men shot by firing squads, the tears of our women: will all this too—terrible thought—be utterly forgotten?" In the end, when the speeches are done, it is for that vindication of existence and that deliverance from history, that Solzhenitsyn searches. But he will not find it in an America equally baffled, and imperfect in its own way. The answer, sadly, can only be given in the land he has left behind.

Roger Morris

Mapping Strategy

Mayor Daley's Revenge

Chicago

Like Stalin in his fading years, Mayor Richard J. Daley has become increasingly unapproachable, vindictive and megalomaniacal. In the 73rd year of his life and his 20th as mayor he seems almost vengefully determined to flaunt his power. Some think that, with the memory still bitter of his humiliation by the Democratic national convention in 1972, he has committed himself to the last hurrah of choosing the party's 1976 candidate for the presidency.

In April Chicago gave Daley all the momentum he needed for his autocratic course. Before that, some had thought the old machine was losing its grip. Daley himself had suffered a stroke, and never quite regained all his energy. Since Chicago's last time at the polls, the federal government had indicted nine of his aldermen, and the state of Illinois three more. Daley's man had been badly beaten by the independent Democrat Dan Walker in the last gubernatorial primary, and scandal had even reached to the mayor's own children. Naive observers were convinced that Daley would gracefully retire rather than risk defeat in a race for reelection.

But Daley chose to run, and whipped the organization up to an unprecedented pitch for the campaign. In 1971 he had won by a 71 percent majority against a rival who had little money and no newspaper support; last April he was returned by 78 percent, against a candidate who spent \$1 million and was strongly backed by the newspapers. In 1971 Daley's machine took 37 of Chicago's 50 aldermanic seats; last April the

machine won 45 seats. Rich and poor, white and black, Catholics, Protestants and Jews all gave him huge majorities. If there is an explanation, it is that they perceived that the Daley organization, whatever its imperfections, runs Chicago pretty well.

Within a fortnight of the election, Daley showed that he had no intention of being gallant in victory. He submitted to the Illinois state legislature, without any consultation with Democrats elsewhere in the state, a new map setting the boundaries of Illinois' 24 congressional districts. The old map, it should be noted, was fair game. It was drawn some years ago, when the Republicans were entrenched in Springfield and could, furthermore, depend on a Republican-appointed state judiciary to thwart Democratic lawsuits against it. The map was designed to assure the Republicans a 14 to 10 majority of the state's congressional seats. In the post-Watergate election of 1974, the Democrats upset the odds and actually won 13 seats, to 11 for the Republicans. More important to Daley, however, the Democrats won a majority in both houses of the state legislature for the first time since the depression. Daley bided his time, and waited for his Chicago mandate before acting. Everyone knew that, ultimately, there would be a map, but what was significant about Daley's map was not that it would reinforce marginal Democratic seats. Its aim was to reward Daley's friends and punish his enemies. In effect it was a patronage map for the Daley political organization.

Daley's map changed the premises of congressional seating in the Chicago area. The old map gave the Democratic machine seven seats in Chicago proper, and bunched up the suburban vote in adjoining Cook County to leave two seats for the Republicans. Daley redrew the lines so that congressional constituencies radiated outward from central Chicago to the county's far reaches, thus forcing the suburban voters into city districts where their influence would be neutralized. Under Daley's map, he would then have nine, instead of seven, congressional seats to dispose of as suited his fancy. One of these seats was specifically drawn to accommodate Roman Pucinski, a former congressman whom Daley had ordered into a hopeless race against Sen. Charles Percy in 1972. Pucinski, who currently represents the 41st ward on the Chicago City Council, has since waited patiently for his loyalty to be repaid.

What stirred up a fuss, however, was not the reward of a political hack like Pucinski, which Chicago is used to, but the punishment of one of the most highly esteemed members of Congress, Abner Mikva, who was obviously singled out for Daley's wrath. Mikva has been irritating Daley since the 1950s, when Hyde Park (University of Chicago and environs) voters first elected him as an independent Democrat to the Illinois state legislature. In 1966, Mikva challenged the machine incumbent, 84-year-old Barratt O'Hara, and came so close to beating him that Daley decided to abandon him and endorse Mikva two years later. Some

saw Daley's hand when, in the subsequent Republican remapping, Mikva's district was squeezed out of existence, but Mikva promptly moved out to Chicago's northern suburbs (where, he said, all his people were moving anyway) and came close to defeating the Republican incumbent there during the Nixon landslide. In 1974, Mikva took this seat by a wide margin, and appeared to be safely entrenched for the future. But he didn't count on Daley's long memory.

What particularly exasperated Daley was Mikva's denial of an endorsement for the April election. The mayor recognized that Mikva was extremely popular with liberal intellectuals, many of them Jewish, precisely the constituency with which he and the machine were weakest. Mikva, for his part, had no desire to undermine his reputation as a reformer, and thereby court the disapproval of his strongest supporters, by belatedly identifying himself with Daley's operations. When asked for his endorsement, Mikva replied, with considerable logic, that since he no longer represented Chicago he had no need to take a position on a Chicago race. Daley coldly rejected Mikva's reasoning.

When Daley's map reached the statehouse in Springfield, it was received with less than overwhelming enthusiasm. Though Daley normally controls most of the Democratic votes in the legislature, he encountered enough resistance on the map to make passage in both houses uncertain. Part of the reason was the lines were so crudely drawn that at least one downstate Democratic seat was virtually written off to the Republicans. Some of the Democratic leadership tried to persuade Daley to reconsider the entire proposal, but they could not even get through his office door to discuss it. In fact Daley gave the map the highest legislative priority of the session. His son, Sen. Richard Daley Jr., chairman of the Labor Committee, killed four bills favored by the Democratic majority, and by Daley himself, just to show that the machine meant business. The Senate, after redrawing some of the boundaries, finally approved the map by the margin of a single vote. The House blocked it on a legislative technicality before it went into summer recess but Daley is almost certain to force another vote in September. The fate of the plan probably depends now on Gov. Dan Walker.

To most liberals, Dan Walker has been a major disappointment since he upended the Daley machine in the 1972 primary and went on to unseat the Republican incumbent, Richard Ogilvie. Far from enacting the good government reforms that he promised, Walker has constantly squabbled with the legislature, while establishing a patronage army to rival Daley's own. Furthermore, he has sought to endear himself to the yahoos, with tirades against welfare chiselers and in favor of capital punishment, as well as with homage rendered in Alabama to George Wallace personally.

The explanation, as discreetly conveyed from the governor's press room, was that Walker intended running for President in 1976, stealing Wallace's constituency with a kind of midwestern populism.

Recently, however, Walker has shown signs of remembering that he comes up for reelection in 1976, a fact that preempts his presidential aspirations. Chances are he will have to go another round against a candidate chosen by Daley, who would like nothing better than to redeem the 1972 defeat. If Walker is to have any hope whatever of winning, he knows he will have to woo back the support of Illinois liberals. Right now, saving Abner Mikva is the liberals' chief cause, and Walker has prudently lined up with it. He has left little doubt that, though he recognizes no political commitment to Mikva he would like nothing better than to veto Daley's map. Though Daley has thus far shown no disposition to compromise, he may have to give up his anti-Mikva vendetta if he is to have any redistricting map at all. Dumping Mikva may recede before a higher priority—regaining the governorship, or even a bigger stake than that.

With or without Mikva, what the new map means to Daley is direct control of a minimum of half the Illinois delegation to the Democratic national convention of 1976. The party's current delegate-selection rules, a revision of the McGovern Commission reforms adopted after 1968, make this control possible by authorizing delegate elections within congressional district boundaries. If the Daley machine can dominate the electoral process in nine congressional districts instead of the seven it now controls, it will be sure of electing a minimum of 86 delegates out of Illinois' 169. Daley acquired 59 in 1972 by far more dubious procedures.

Daley has apparently decided, in conformity with the

requirement that delegates appear on the ballot in the name of a specific presidential candidate, to put up a slate committed to Adlai E. Stevenson III. Once a proclaimed foe of the Chicago organization, the upright Stevenson—unlike Mikva—made his peace with Daley by endorsing him for mayor this year. Almost certainly, Daley will succeed in intimidating other candidates from entering the presidential primaries inside his domain. Stevenson however must be recognized as the most popular politician in Illinois, far more than a front-man for Daley, and it requires little imagination to envisage his winning every Democratic delegate, or almost every one, in the state. If he, and Daley, should further decide to enter primaries in a handful of other states, Stevenson could conceivably reach the convention with a couple of hundred delegates, plenty for bargaining and even enough for long-shot contention.

Is it Daley's intention to be a President-maker before he dies? In 1960 his decision to support John F. Kennedy was the turning point in the nomination campaign. In 1964 Johnson fawned upon him as one of the giants of the party. In 1968 Daley played a critical role in directing the nomination to Humphrey, only to see the election, and the state of Illinois, go to Nixon. In 1972 Daley and his entourage were driven from the convention in disgrace—to be replaced by a pro-McGovern delegation—for having violated the party's nominating procedures. Wouldn't it be natural for Daley to want to demonstrate once more that he is a very powerful man? What appears to be a squabble over a map may, at least in the mind of Mayor Richard J. Daley, be a power play for choosing the next President.

Milton Viorst

Mr. Viorst, the former syndicated columnist, is a Washington freelance writer.

Volatile Portugal

Dateline Lisbon

by Tad Szulc

Lisbon

Sixteen months after its pro-Democratic revolution brought Portugal its first sense of hope in nearly a half-century of grim dictatorship, this bewildered country is being torn asunder by powerful opposing forces that

seem to be increasingly out of control. Given the way events have been moving in recent weeks—and what with rising political violence—Portugal may just as easily become an extreme leftist dictatorship as the

victim of a rightist military coup implanting a Fascist regime reminiscent of Chile. There is even serious talk of civil war. Meanwhile, Portugal lives in a state of paralysis, with no real government, a deteriorating economy, soaring unemployment, disinvestment and a social revolution unable to get off the ground.

Ugly violence reached its peak last week in Portugal's northern provinces, a conservative region, with huge crowds burning down Communist party headquarters and the homes and businesses of Communists and other leftist leaders in several towns. In Vila Nova de Famalicao, where two demonstrators were killed by troops Sunday night, army units were unable to contain 5000 demonstrators during a big riot on Tuesday. The Communists, who support the military regime, have begun accusing the army of failure to maintain order. Therefore, the danger arises that extreme leftists may take matters into their own hands. Wednesday night, detachments of marines and elite army troops from Lisbon were sent north as reinforcements when it became clear that an insurrectionary situation was in the making. In the town of Fafe a man was killed when the marines fired submachine gun bursts overhead. For nearly a month, the military rulers had been unable to put together a ministerial cabinet, largely because of infighting among themselves and leftist politicians.

On Friday, however, it appeared that a cabinet—the fifth provisional government since April 1974—had finally been formed that might strengthen the pro-Communist factions. However Gen. Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho refused to serve as a deputy prime minister. This decision by Carvalho, who currently serves as a member of the super-cabinet triumvirate, suggested that the new cabinet may have difficulties surviving for long.

Portugal's tragedy is that moderate alternatives here appear now to be unobtainable unless common sense reasserts itself in this polarized society and leftist moderates in the military win the upper hand.

This is still the hope of Western Europe's Social Democrats to whom Portugal this summer has become the continent's most worrisome question. The influence of the United States, which could have played a positive role here a year ago had it not been for Secretary of State Kissinger's blind policy of isolating the new Portugal, is virtually nil.

Aside from the danger facing Portugal, the developments in Lisbon have significant international repercussions. The aggressiveness of the small but entrenched Communist party may damage in the long run American-Soviet détente even though Arnold Kalinin, the Soviet ambassador here, keeps pleasantly telling American diplomats that Moscow is not running the Portuguese Communist party. Portugal's continuing membership in NATO will be in question should this country declare itself to be a Marxist state. That would be a major strategic problem for the Atlantic alliance.

Portugal's contradictory attitude in Angola—first favoring one liberation movement, then another, instead of practicing a neutral policy ending in the territory's independence in November—are largely responsible for this latest African civil war that, conceivably, could become internationalized à la Congo. Important economic interests involving neighboring African states, Western Europe and the US are at stake in wealthy Angola. Oil-rich Cabinda, an Angolan province, may secede, probably under pressure from Zaire's President Mobuto.

There is secession talk, too, in the Azores, the mid-Atlantic archipelago that is an organic part of metropolitan Portugal. Conservative Azoreans fear Lisbon's leftist orientation, and old autonomy sentiments are being revived on the wind-swept islands. Secession would, no doubt, please the United States, which maintains a crucial air base on Terceira Island, although thus far there are no visible signs that Washington is directly behind the Separatist movement. The Azores base would be vital to the US in the event of a new Middle East war as a refueling station for an airlift to Israel.

Finally Portuguese events have an inevitable impact on neighboring Spain where pressures are mounting on aging Generalissimo Francisco Franco to step down and let the country enter a transitional process that many Spaniards hope would lead toward a form of democracy. Spain has been in ferment for quite a few years—long before the Portuguese revolution of April, 1974—but the pressures are now quickening.

Between July 30 and August 5, at least 25 army and air force officers were arrested in Spain, apparently on charges of belonging to a secret anti-Franco military organization and, possibly, of having contacts with leftist officers in Portugal. This movement, which may have as many as 1000 members, is being investigated by the Madrid authorities, who never before had to cope with a major military conspiracy. The military problem coincided with the assassination by terrorists of a "civil" guard trooper in Madrid last week, and a shoot-out between Basque separatist terrorists and the police in the capital. Simultaneously the government claimed the arrests of the entire top command of the Basque terrorist organization. (The Spanish situation will be discussed in detail in a forthcoming article.)

In Lisbon meanwhile, the central fact is that a fierce power struggle is taking shape among various military and civilian factions—and a final confrontation may not be far away.

After a week or so in Lisbon, one becomes aware of the reality of a total power vacuum. Nobody is really in charge here, and, with the exception of the Communist party and its immediate allies, nobody seems to have a clear-cut sense of political direction. All the leftist power groups, including the provisional government, claim that a "socialist revolution" is in progress in

Portugal. This is true in a general and highly confused sense, but few of the leaders can agree on defining this "Socialist revolution." The main issue is whether it should be "pluralistic" socialism, with the participation of different leftist groups, including the much maligned, but very popular Socialist party, or a one-party Socialist state. The Communists and some of their highly placed military friends not surprisingly favor the latter. Ideological chaos compounds the political chaos and the overall uncertainty.

In conversation after conversation in Lisbon, the dominant theme is that anything can happen "in the next 24 hours," any 24 hours.

A senior military officer in one of the key ministries told me in all seriousness that "whatever I'm telling you now may no longer be true by dinnertime." What with the political infighting and the ongoing struggle of certain military factions over the control of increasingly undisciplined and divided armed forces, the beautiful port city lives on rumor.

But the point should be made quickly that, contrary to many reports, Portugal has not yet become a dictatorship—perhaps because nobody, not even the extreme left, is in charge of the situation. Sixteen months after the April 25 revolution, Portugal is neither a complete dictatorship nor a functioning democracy: it is something in between, a penumbra.

Although the regime allowed extreme leftists last May to take over the Socialist party's newspaper *República* and the Lisbon radio station belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, freedom of the press has not altogether vanished in Portugal. Television and radio are in the hands of Communists and their associates, but such publications as the daily *Jornal Novo* and the weekly *Expresso* are highly outspoken, informing the population fairly accurately about reality here—to the extent that anybody understands it. There is no formal press censorship except, since late July, about all the news from and about Angola, a most explosive issue here. People in Lisbon talk freely, criticizing or praising the revolution. [As we go to press Portugal's Ministry of Information is proposing stringent regulation of the country's press.]

There are no political prisoners except for agents of the former dictatorship's secret police and some others associated with the ousted regime of Premier Marcelo Caetano. Curiously, several hundred "Maoists" were set free early in July when the leftist military rulers evidently concluded that they could use them in the streets, if needed, against "reactionaries" and "counterrevolutionaries." But the "Maoists" remain just as vociferously critical of the regime as before.

There was a brief wave of fear late in July when Gen. Carvalho, a member of the new three-man military Directorate supposedly running the (COPCON), announced on his return from Cuba that the time may have come to place "counterrevolutionaries" in the

Lisbon "ring," presumably as prisoners. Nobody, incidentally, thought that Carvalho was proposing executions in the bullring. In any event, the subject was not pursued further, at least for the moment, and as of this writing the Campo Pequeno bullring continues to be used for bullfights in which, according to the Portuguese tradition, the bulls are not killed. The Portuguese are, as a rule, against any form of bloodshed—and one hopes that such values will endure despite the surge of mob violence in the North.

It is nearly impossible to discuss coherently the power structure in Portugal. Power organs are created largely to neutralize other power organs as the political battle goes on. Late in July, the Assembly of the Armed Forces Movement (MFA), a 240-man body that theoretically directs the "revolution," created the ruling Directorate in an effort to establish a compromise among various warring groups.

The Directorate is chaired by Gen. Francisco da Costa Gomes, a moderate (some say conservative) officer who had been Caetano's chief of staff and now also serves as the provisional President of the Republic. Gen. Carvalho, who as a young major was the principal military organizer of the 1974 revolution, is one of the members. Carvalho is a maverick leftist populist whose personal power resides in his control (so far) of the army's security command. There are Portuguese observers who accuse Carvalho of "Bonapartist" ambitions and say that he could just as easily turn into a leftist as into a Fascist-type dictator. But the Portuguese confusion being what it is (some officers call it "our surrealist Socialist revolution") there are observers who would not exclude a sudden tactical alliance involving Gen. Carvalho, the military moderates and the Socialist party leadership.

The third member of this "troika," as it is widely called here, is Gen. Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves, the prime minister. Gonçalves is generally regarded as pro-Communist, philo-Communist, crypto-Communist or just plain Communist. He is extremely close to Alvaro Cunhal, the Communist party's secretary general.

The idea behind creating the "troika" seems to have been to provide a balance between Carvalho and Gonçalves, with President Gomes acting as the arbiter. But few Portuguese expect that the Carvalho-Gonçalves rivalry will be resolved through the "troika" mechanism, and the Directorate is not given long before it's replaced by something else.

In principle, the "troika" is supported by the 30-man Supreme Council of the Revolution, a military group, and the cabinet. However, the council virtually put itself out of business when it ratified the creation of the Directorate, thus becoming an advisory body. Gen. Gomes's own plan is to let the big MFA assembly wither away because of its unwieldy character.

As for the cabinet, there had not been one since July 10, when the civilian-military coalition broke down with the resignation of the Socialist party (the largest in

Portugal) and then of the Centrist-Popular Democratic party (PPD). The Socialists, led by Mario Soares, their secretary general, quit over the seizure of the newspaper *República*. That was the end of the fourth pro-revolutionary cabinet.

Prime Minister Gonçalves had been unable to organize a new cabinet ever since—his civilian and military foes (probably including Gen. Carvalho) having effectively blocked him—and the country has been administered by Gonçalves's caretaker government despite daily promises that a cabinet was about to be formed any minute. Because of this crisis, the most serious since April 1974, President Gomes could spend only one day at the Helsinki summit. Meanwhile all economic planning has been at a standstill and inflation in Portugal runs at an annual rate of 30 percent.

The cabinet crisis deepened late in July when Soares launched a public campaign for Gonçalves's removal from the premiership. This may have been a tactical error because President Gomes clearly took the view that to do so would further split the armed forces. But Soares's argument was that, given the plurality his Socialists won in the election for the Constituent Assembly last April, the party should be taken into account in the decision making process here.

Anyway, Soares may have been reaching for the impossible inasmuch as the military junta supported by Cunhal's Communists had resolved earlier that there was no room in Portugal for political parties. Instead the MFA assembly came up with the formula of "Armed Forces-People" rule, a system under which Portugal would be run by workers' and soldiers' councils on a variety of levels. The councils, in turn, would transmit their views to the MFA assembly and then to the government. This is to be "directed democracy," but it is still far from being operative although neighborhood, factory and military committees are being organized. The Constituent assembly keeps meeting here, but it is a purely academic exercise.

The creation of the "troika" was an afterthought derived from the dispute over Gonçalves. The companion idea was that Gen. Carvalho and Prof. Teixeira Rubeiro, the dean of Oporto University would serve together as deputy premiers under Gonçalves. The problem, however, was that two weeks later Gonçalves was still unable to form a government. This became a partial victory for the Socialists, but it also served to compound the basic crisis.

A surge of anti-Communist sentiment and deep fissures within the armed forces are adding fuel to the Portuguese tragedy. This is a measure of the growing polarization in the country.

Almost every night, anti-Communist crowds have been attacking and burning down Communist party headquarters in towns near the predominantly conservative northern region of Portugal. In the first days of August, this type of violence began spreading to the South where leftists are traditionally strong. Thus far,

Lisbon, likewise a leftist stronghold, has been spared major violence, but in the capital, too, anti-Communist groups are gaining strength.

Until now, the military has avoided actually cracking down on the demonstrators although army units are usually called to try to restore order. The incident on August 3 when two persons were killed by army gunfire was the first one of this kind. However as Gen. Carvalho warned on his return from Havana, the armed forces are prepared to adopt a "hard line" against "counterrevolutionaries." Still, as Gen. Carvalho himself undoubtedly realizes, nobody can be sure of the troops at this point.

This became particularly clear on July 31, when Communist officers attempted to take over Gen. Carvalho's elite Commando regiment at Amadora, an industrial suburb of Lisbon, by ousting the commander, Col. Jaime Neves whom they charged with plotting a "rightist" uprising. This was a direct attack on Gen. Carvalho and the group of moderate military officers with whom he maintains an on-and-off tactical alliance against Prime Minister Gonçalves.

Col. Neves's expulsion was arranged through a rump meeting of officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the regiment who were backed by workers' commissions from nearby industrial plants. Gen. Carvalho, clearly siding with Neves, tried to mediate the dispute, but the matter remained deadlocked for six days. This was the first time since the revolution that a commander has temporarily lost control of a major military unit.

Col. Neves himself turned to the newspapers to give out his version of events, in effect accusing the Communist party of having engineered the coup. Incidents at Amadora followed private reports that Communist officers were preparing to launch a purge of non-Communist commanders in key military units. In the end, Gen. Carvalho succeeded in reinstating Col. Neves in his command on August 5. The Communist officers were disciplined.

The Communist effort to control strategic COP-CON regiments stemmed in part from the party's overall loss of popular support in recent months. The party, which received less than 12 percent of the vote in last April's election, would probably command only one-half of this strength if new elections were held today. Yet it retains considerable influence in strategic areas of Portuguese life, from the army to some labor unions and communications media.

Generally speaking, the "revolution" on the whole has been losing support as President Gomes was quick to recognize in his speech before the MFA assembly on July 25. In fact it has been bogging down in ideological differences among leftists while the rightists and centrists backed by the middle class, have been gaining. The leftist split, may in the end destroy the "Socialist

revolution" more effectively than anything the right-wing group can do against it. The Communists are at loggerheads with the entire extreme leftist spectrum of Portuguese politics—from anarchists and Trotskyites to "Maoists." The extreme leftist groups have limited popular support, but they carry considerable influence among the military, in many labor unions and among intellectuals. Their importance, therefore, transcends the numbers of their militants. Lately, Gen. Carvalho has been their principal ally in the regime.

It is unclear who runs the official propaganda apparatus. The so-called fifth division of the general staff of the armed forces, which often acts as the spokesman for the regime, is probably controlled by pro-Communists although it includes extreme leftist officers as well. The same goes for the military "Council Dynamization" branch, which carries out revolutionary propaganda. The Ministry of Social Communications, a euphemism for the information minister, appears to be in the hands of moderates.

The Foreign Ministry was the stronghold of the moderates until Maj. Ernesto de Melo Antunes, the leading military moderate and intellectual, was forced out as foreign minister in the last days of July. Should President Gomes try at some point to turn back to the moderates, Maj. Antunes would emerge as a dominant figure. In recent weeks however both the Communists and the extreme leftists have been expending more effort against the Antunes group than against their rightist foes, which tells a lot about the workings of Portuguese leftist politics.

The nightmare of the Portuguese left politics includes the fact that the Socialist party (whom the Communists contemptuously call Social Democrats) is described as "reactionary" and "counterrevolutionary"

because of Mario Soares's insistence on representative democracy. His latest proposal for a "national unity" coalition, including the Socialists and the Communists, has been spurned. Unfortunately for Soares, however, the Socialist party is quickly becoming a rallying point for any number of true-blue rightists who see the Socialists as their natural allies against Communism.

It is a gross oversimplification, however, to view today's political scene in Portugal exclusively as a forum in the battle between Democratic freedom and Communist dictatorship.

The right wing opposition, representing interests defeated in the 1974 revolution, is growing strong. It has the support of the conservative church, the urban middle class injured by the "Socialist revolution," and small land owners in the North who fear that the land reforms launched at the Latifundia in the South will be applied to their holdings as well.

A powerful infusion of new blood for the rightist cause is the tens of thousands of Angolan settlers fleeing the civil war in Africa. As many as 200,000 of them may reach Portugal by the end of August. Quite a few of them have military backgrounds. These "Colons" may become a key ingredient in a rightist coup if one is indeed attempted, and a major force in a possible civil war.

The Portuguese situation is vastly more complicated and full of nuances than it might appear at first sight. The issue, to be sure, is representative democracy and socially progressive government. But the immediate danger is that, in the present state of chaos, Portugal's democracy may be nipped in the bud from either the extreme right or the Communist left. Democracy's only hope here is the resurgence of the moderate left in the military establishment.

Capitalism's Failures

Tasks for the Democratic Left

by John Kenneth Galbraith

In remarkable measure in recent times the democratic left in the industrial countries has had the same achievements, the same failures and in consequence of the latter, faces the same tasks, including the same need to reconsider past policies.

The common success, on which I will not dwell, has been in foreign policy, particularly in decolonization. In Britain, France, as well as the United States, the initiative on this task was assumed by the left. The achievements of the American left in bringing the

Indochina adventure to an end was marred only by the curious tendency to picture the final and much sought withdrawal as a defeat.

The common failure of the democratic left in all countries has been in controlling inflation while avoiding unemployment—in what economists have come to call macroeconomic policy. The left, like the right, has no generally accepted policy for reconciling substantially stable prices with substantially full employment. Present measures in all countries involve either substantial inflation which is socially damaging or substantial unemployment which is socially intolerable or, most likely, they involve both inflation and unemployment. It will be suggested that in the United States, as in France, the democratic left has not recently had a chance to show what it could do. Given the measures it has at hand, this is its good fortune. The British Labour party has not been so lucky.

The further dilemma of the democratic left in all countries concerns public ownership—in the literal sense, socialism. In all modern countries socialism has become the ash heap of capitalism. It is for those industries where private enterprise has one of two characteristics: Its performance is no longer tolerable or the firms are no longer profitable.

There is now no industrial country in which private enterprise provides good housing, good medical care, good hospitalization, good public transportation, at prices that people of modest income can afford. These industries—housing, health care, transportation—are difficult to do without. So in all countries they have been given over in greater or less measure to the state. A modern socialist is a man who talks about the power of the great monopolies until he is in office. Then he concerns himself with such widely fragmented industries as housing construction or hospital administration. Or he finds himself involved with failed corporations.

The failed corporation is the second socialist imperative. Above a certain size, it is now evident, no industrial corporation can be allowed to collapse and go out of business. The effect on workers, customers, management and creditors is too great. Nothing more wonderfully reveals the flexibility of the human mind than the speed with which the most stalwart capitalist in our time converts to socialism when this is the only chance for survival and the recovery of his debts. The owners, creditors or managers of Penn Central, Lockheed, Pan Am, Rolls Royce, British Leyland, Krupp, Citroen, even the large Wall Street brokerage houses have all undergone this ideological transmigration in recent years. The power of socialist propaganda on established faith is as nothing compared with the threat of bankruptcy. Marx, from wherever he is watching, must smile.

The modern socialist cannot, however, share Marx's delight. For him—or her—it defines a formidable management problem. It means that public ownership

and operation must succeed in those industries like housing and health care where capitalism has never worked. And it must succeed with corporations where it has failed.

These failures and dilemmas define the task.

The prime political task of the democratic left in our time is not to improve its capacity for persuasion. Nor is it to deepen its faith. These are the self-mystification of the escapist mind. The task of overwhelming importance is to improve the capacity for performance—for results.

Results require, first, that a satisfactory form of macroeconomic management be devised. And they require, second, that an efficient, publicly acceptable means for acquiring and managing public enterprises be found.

Inflation in the modern industrial economy in the most general sense is the result of claims of various groups on the always limited capacity to supply them. These claims are progressively enhanced by the progressively more classless character of consumption—by the increasing unwillingness of any large group in the society to believe that it was meant by nature to have less.

The first practical step toward stability without unemployment must be to restrain income claims so that they do not exceed the capacity to supply them. This, however, cannot be done for trade unions while leaving upper-middle-class income and that of the rich untouched, elegant as may be the argument for so doing. From this circumstance comes the basic macroeconomic policy to which the democratic left must adhere. It is not an agreeable policy; it is simply that there is no alternative. The trade unions must be persuaded to hold their claims to what can be afforded out of increased productivity gains. And then, as a matter of essential equity, the consumption claims of upper income groups must be subject to a more severe restraint proportioned to the higher income so that the aggregate of claims does not exceed the capacity to produce. Where there is substantial corporate market power, this means control of prices and therewith of profits. Above all it means effective and strongly progressive taxation of incomes.

There is now wide, if not quite complete, acceptance of the need for effective wage restraint for ensuring price stability. This advocacy is not accompanied by a similar enthusiasm for restraint on executive salaries, profits, property income and the associated taxation. No strategy for stabilization is possible—and certainly none can be acceptable to the democratic left—that singles wages out for special attention.

The purpose of income and price restraint is simple. It

John Kenneth Galbraith retired this summer as the Paul M. Warburg Professor of Economics at Harvard University.

allows the economy to operate much nearer to full employment without large, erratic and damaging price increases. It is the alternative, the only alternative, to using unemployment and idle capacity to restrain wages and prices. Equitably administered, therefore, such control is an indispensable part of the economic policy of the democratic left. The latter must never be beguiled by the claim of the establishment economist, however he may classify himself politically, that through some combination of fiscal or monetary magic there can be price stability and full employment while prices and incomes are left to the determination of the market. The democratic left must never forget that there is no vested interest greater than that of the textbook economist in the market.

There remains the microeconomic question: What to do about public ownership and particularly about the industries and enterprises that go to the state by default in performance or earnings? This too is a matter of the utmost importance.

We must recognize as a first step that industrial failure by private capitalism is perfectly normal and has nothing to do with the essentiality or nonessentiality of the particular industry. As the examples of housing, health care and transportation make clear, failure can be in the industries of highest importance. And whatever may be the reaction in principle, the failure of the very large enterprises will not be accepted in practice. Accordingly all modern governments will have a socialist sector that is the product of failed private enterprise. This has nothing to do with either accident or ideological preference.

This sector, to state what is obvious but often avoided, must be administered at the highest level of efficiency and competence. No argument against public ownership is so much used or so effective as the allegation that it is incompetent. Nothing so affirms people in mistrust of socialism as their own discovery that this is so. That socialism must accept the failed cases of capitalism makes it peculiarly vulnerable to this attack.

The solution is without novelty; it is highly professional public management. The democratic left must now address itself to the development of a force of public managers of the highest level of proficiency. These must be men and women who believe in public enterprise, take pride in seeing performance that improves on private capitalism, take a substantial part of their personal reward in their accomplishment. They must have extensive autonomy in decision making, including decisions on manning and investment; this autonomy is an indispensable requirement of all effective management. Public management can never be second-guessed on decisions by the political leadership. It must be held accountable for results by the orthodox standards of cost and return. This is not a capitalist test of efficiency; it is the universal and only

test. The problem of employment must never be solved by the provision of unnecessary jobs in socialist enterprises. The word *never* means *never*. Where the return to an enterprise is intrinsically negative, this should be provided for by a subsidy determined *ex ante*, not by an automatic covering of the deficit.

There should now be training schools of the highest order in all countries for the tasks of public management. Private capitalism long ago saw the importance of such instruction. It is now of the greatest importance that governments of the democratic left begin to produce—and to exchange—a force of highly qualified public managers.

Once it has established its competence, the left must also accept the challenge of the successful industries. There are two priority cases. Neither is the monopoly or oligopoly traditionally the object of socialist attention. The performance of the modern oligopoly—the industry of small numbers—with its emphasis on growth is not intrinsically deficient. It is usually superior to more dispersed and competitive but technically less competent industries such as housing construction or small scale agriculture.

The candidates for public ownership are industries that, for one reason or another, have lost their private character, where to affirm public ownership is to accept established fact. The principal such case in the United States is the large weapons firm—Lockheed, General Dynamics, Thiokol, McDonnell-Douglas and the like. These firms get most of their orders, much of their working capital, an appreciable share of their physical plant, from the government. And their mistakes, in one way or another, are also socialized. Only their profits, executive salaries and power to bring pressure on the government are a manifestation of private capitalism. They are a priority case for public ownership.

The other case is the very large firm in which, in consequence of a common development, the stockholder or ownership interest has lost all power, all function. Management has assumed complete control; it appoints the board of directors which, in turn and predictably, appoints the management that selects the board. The power of the stockholders is not negligible but nil. Many of the very large corporations in the United States and in multinational operations—General Motors, Exxon, General Electric, Shell—have reached this stage. The functionless stockholders should be paid off in bonds. Capital gains and dividends should henceforth accrue to the public at large. Such gains would make public ownership a two-way street, not an arrangement by which the loss-making enterprises go to the state, the profitable ones uphold the banners of private enterprise. Such a division of labor is a caricature of both capitalism and socialism.

But let me repeat: Such extension of the area of public ownership is only possible politically or economically as the reputation for efficient public management is affirmed. That is now the absolute essential.

Oiling the Way for Higher Petroleum Prices

by Eliot Marshall

The oil revolution that took place in the early '70s was real. It turned over to a few autocratic governments the power to run a cartel that until recently was run by a group of international businessmen. As a result OPEC now controls the world's spare oil producing capacity and the world price of oil. The companies are left with technical jobs—refining, marketing and accounting—chores that keep the cartel running smoothly. The most damaging result of the power shift, OPEC's decision to boost prices from less than three dollars a barrel to more than \$11, cannot be justified by economics as practiced in the West, and would not have happened had the oil companies kept control. Indeed many economists have shown that OPEC's price demands may cause irreparable distortions in international trade, possibly wrecking the economies of several democracies and further impoverishing the underdeveloped countries. It is strange, therefore, that the Ford administration clings to the idea that raising the price of oil is the best solution to the energy problem that troubles the West. It is all the more confusing when one considers that one of the State Department's key energy officials supported OPEC in its decisions to boost oil prices beginning in 1970. Why he did so has never been adequately explained.

The person who did more than anyone else to lead the State Department in campaigning for higher oil prices is the present ambassador to Saudi Arabia, James Akins. Though a government employee, Akins became in 1970 one of the earliest and most effective articulators of the OPEC position. Before he was named ambassador in 1973, Akins was a White House adviser on energy and the director of the State Department's Office of Fuels and Energy. Earlier he'd been a career foreign service officer in Damascus, Beirut, Kuwait and Baghdad, rising quickly to prominence because of his knowledge of oil. His critics concede that he's brilliant and even his admirers say that he's abrasive and blunt. One friend described Akins as "extremely puritanical," completely honest, but "very good at not answering questions for the record." Akins makes an impression wherever he goes, and in the bureaucracy, as he discovered, it was often a bad one.

John Ehrlichman, who was the President's coordinator for energy planning in 1973, was one of the nonadmirers of Jim Akins. Most of the other energy experts then in residence at the White House didn't deal

with Akins either, according to some who are no longer there. The feeling was that Akins rather scornfully kept himself apart from the "energy team" brought in by then Treasury Secretary George Shultz to draft Nixon's oil strategy. In return the team ignored Akins. One adviser who helped write the President's energy message of April 1973 said that he tried four times to have his White House colleagues give him clearance to use part of a draft speech written by Akins. Finally he was taken aside and told to forget it. "Somebody didn't like Jim Akins," he concluded. Akins's work was never incorporated in the energy message, though a couple of journalists (apparently cued by Akins) described him as the author. He was effectively shut out of the Nixon White House.

In the same month that President Nixon delivered his energy message, making no reference whatever to the threat of an OPEC embargo, Akins delivered a bomb in the pages of *Foreign Affairs*. This quarterly, a quasi-official paper for the establishment, sets the ground rules for debate on US foreign policy. Akins's piece of April 1973, called "The Oil Crisis: This Time the Wolf is Here," argued strongly for a shift in US policy in favor of the OPEC nations. He wrote that "the threat to use oil as a political weapon must be taken seriously," and predicted that the US might have to choose one of three alternatives in the near future should OPEC use its oil power: "We could try to break the boycott through military means, i.e. war; we could accede to the wishes of the oil suppliers; or we could accept what would surely be severe damage to our economy, possibly amounting to collapse." The last of these options presumably meant living without Arab oil and suffering the consequences. Without going into detail he ruled out the military option and sketched what he thought would be the correct response: the formation of an international consumer authority that "should not be considered a challenge to OPEC" but should have the goal of talking down prices, if possible. In his terms, this amounted to acceding "to the wishes of the oil suppliers."

This article could not have come at a time more propitious for OPEC. Tension was mounting over the conflict between American business and political interests in the Middle East. The unanswered question was, what would America do if threatened with the oil weapon? Academics, columnists and even public officials seemed to think the Arab countries wouldn't

BOOKSERVICE

THE GLORY AND THE DREAM

Subtitled "A Narrative History of America 1932-1972," this volume is William Manchester's most ambitious project to date. Thoroughly researched and with a fine sense of drama, *The Glory and the Dream*

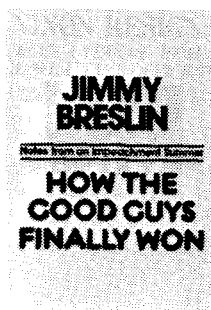


is a massive popular history that chronicles the events, moods, and personalities of the last four decades.

Pub. Price \$20.00
Member's \$15.00
Code 111

HOW THE GOOD GUYS FINALLY WON

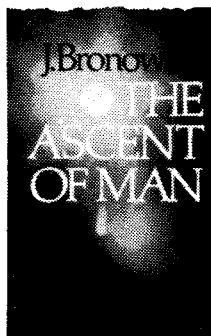
Jimmy Breslin returns to reportage after a long absence with this recounting of the "impeachment summer." His on- and behind-the-scenes anecdotes, profiles, and perspective make this book one of the most readable, enjoyable, and informative in the cornucopia of Watergate literature.



Pub. Price \$6.95
Member's \$5.22
Code 112

THE ASCENT OF MAN

Jacob Bronowski's critically acclaimed television series is also an important best-selling book. *The Ascent of Man*, beautifully illustrated, outlines the development of science as a reflection of man's genius. This informal history ranges from the first days of flint tools to the present era of atomic energy, is written with authority.



Pub. Price \$15.00
Member's \$11.25
Code 110

THE ILIAD

In preparation for ten years, this new translation of the *Iliad* will immediately take its place with Robert Fitzgerald's previous award-winning translation of *The Odyssey*. Himself a major poet, Fitzgerald



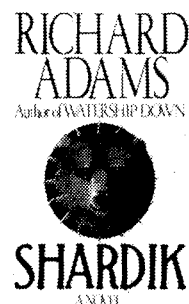
has presented a version that is both lyrical and easily understood. This book is a fine addition to every serious reader's library.

Pub. Price \$15.00
Member's \$11.25
Code 114

SHARDIK

Richard Adams's bestselling *Watership Down* was a powerful work of imagination and was acclaimed widely as a modern masterpiece.

Shardik, perhaps more powerful than *Watership Down*, is a gripping tale of war, adventure, horror, and romance, and will affect everyone who reads it for a long time.



Pub. Price \$9.95
Member's \$7.47
Code 101

PICASSO IN RETROSPECT

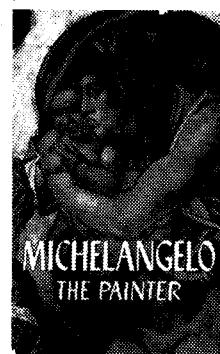
Edited by Roland Penrose and John Golding, this is a superb final assessment of the twentieth century's greatest master. Composed of contributions from his friends and from art historians, each contribution examines a critical feature of his art from the blue and rose periods through cubism and surrealism. Illustrated with more than 400 photographs and 30 color plates.



Pub. Price \$37.50
Member's \$16.98
Code 105

MICHELANGELO THE PAINTER

Published in coordination with the Italian National Committee to Honor Michelangelo, this magnificent book brilliantly presents all of Michelangelo's artistry in

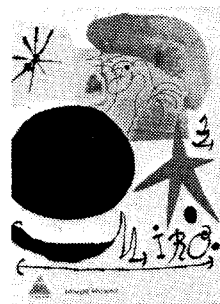


more than 120 illustrations including 100 full-color plates. Beautifully bound, this volume will enhance the library of every art lover.

Pub. Price \$75.00
Member's \$22.95
Code 108

MIRO

Margit Rowell's richly illustrated volume reproduces Miro's painting, collages, sculptures, and ceramics, spanning a period of more than 60 years. From his early realism, through the exciting periods of cubism and surrealism, to the contemporary works of pure fantasy and imagination, all of Miro is here in 184 illustrations, 75 in full color. Large format.

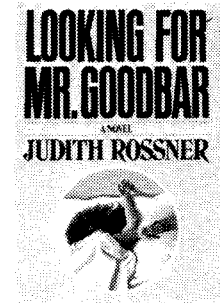


Pub. Price \$35.00
Member's \$16.98
Code 102

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR

Judith Rossner emerges as a major author in current American fiction with this sure-fire bestseller.

This is the life-and-death odyssey of Terry Dunn—her life as an attractive young schoolteacher from a "respectable family" to her death by a stranger picked up at a New York singles' bar. *Mr. Goodbar* is a spell-binding tale of haunting intensity.



Pub. Price \$7.95
Member's \$5.95
Code 104

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

risk an embargo—first, because it would reduce their own oil revenues and second, because if the plot worked, it might provoke a violent reaction. Consider one example. Robert Hunter, a former fellow at the Overseas Development Council and now Sen. Kennedy's foreign policy adviser, wrote in an article in mid-1973 that "if there were an embargo, the United States would strongly resist being 'blackmailed.' . . . In such circumstances any effort to blackmail the United States over Israel would probably lift a crisis to the level of a serious confrontation with the offending states, going beyond economic conflict." More important than the difference between Akins's and Hunter's predictions is the fact that Akins spoke with authority, while Hunter did not. Akins's answer to the big question was clear: an embargo will work and the US won't resist. Some believe this was farsighted. Others such as MIT professor and petroleum expert M. A. Adelman, say it was an invitation, almost forcing the moderate Arab nations to cooperate with the radicals who'd been asking for an embargo for years. By publishing notice that the US wouldn't react violently, Akins removed the last argument the moderates might have used to forestall an embargo. Whatever his intent, Akins was right.

The "Wolf is Here" wasn't a new insight into oil. The companies had been grumbling for several years about US policy in the Middle East, and they knew, as Akins did, that Arab OPEC members were pressing for a change in US policy to reflect the size of US commercial investments in Arab countries. Akins adopted the OPEC view in early 1970 and preached it loudly to anyone who would listen. The evidence for this is abundant. For example, one member of the President's Task Force on Oil Imports says that when he first met Akins in 1970, Akins spoke to him at length about the growing strength of OPEC and the need for America to get used to high-priced oil. The official asked Akins whether he thought the oil companies had any incentive to resist OPEC's demands, and Akins walked away without answering.

Later in 1970 Akins actively supported Libya's attempt to raise the price of oil even though some of the oil companies were trying to hold it down at the time. The companies were concerned about political repercussions at home if oil became too expensive. Akins

explained in hearings before the Senate multinationals subcommittee last year that he supported high prices for the following reason: "If the Libyans concluded they were being cheated, this I thought guaranteed a breakdown in relations with the companies, and all sorts of subsequent problems." Or, as he put it in *Foreign Affairs*, "the Anglo-Saxon oil companies' sojourn in Libya would have ended." He felt he had the companies' best interests at heart. It's generally agreed that Libya's success in these negotiations was the first triumph in the OPEC revolt and the precursor of galloping price demands that came in 1973.

In 1972 Akins warned again and again that a price surge was coming, as in this speech before the American-Arab Association in New York: "I am trying to disabuse Americans of the idea that foreign oil will always be 'cheap' . . . because I want action to be taken here to reduce our dependence on imports." Then in 1973, in addition to predicting that an embargo would succeed, he said the recent OPEC price agreements with the companies would be scrapped and the price pushed up faster than anyone had anticipated. He also told a meeting of the American Petroleum Institute in Colorado that he had no faith in the thesis "that competition within OPEC will drive down world prices. This might gladden the hearts of the consumers for a short time. It would frustrate the oil producers and could bring them economic ruin; and for some this would be a desirable goal. But this would be nonsense and there can be little reason for anyone to favor such a development. Consider the consequences: if prices of petroleum were low and showed further prospects of declining, there would be scant development of alternative energy sources." In 1974, then ambassador to Saudi Arabia, he said he saw "no possibility" that OPEC would collapse (at a time when Treasury Secretary William Simon was trying to get OPEC to lower prices), and he predicted that oil prices would hit \$20 a barrel by 1980. In 1975 when Henry Kissinger and James Schlesinger warned that another embargo might provoke military action, Akins appeared on Saudi national TV saying that people who talk about intervention have "sick minds."

Akins may have been disliked in the White House, but he was not completely isolated. According to one source who didn't want to be named, Akins was on good terms with the head of the National Security Council, later the Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger. According to the source, when Akins realized that his ideas were making no impression on the Nixon team, he began looking for an exit. He wanted a promotion to an assistant secretaryship at State, but was turned down. Akins was at the point of accepting a position with a "large independent" oil company when Kissinger went to bat for him and had him named ambassador to Saudi Arabia. After the oil embargo of October 1973 and Ehrlichman's departure in the spring of 1974, Akins's

COMING: Paul R. Wieck
examines the presidential
campaign of Arizona's
Morris Udall

stock climbed. Everything he'd predicted had come true, and more. Today many of the proposals he made in *Foreign Affairs* are becoming US policy.

What's curious about Akins is that he accepted uncritically the idea that the US must bend over backwards to accommodate what he saw as the irresistible and growing power of OPEC. This conviction led him to do more than advocate high prices. Sen. Frank Church's subcommittee on multinational corporations, which completed a long study of the oil cartel this year, described a couple of Akins's other efforts in behalf of Arab oil producers in its final report, quoted here. According to the committee, Akins sought help from Aramco (the consortium of US major companies that produce Saudi oil) and Sheik Yamani (the Saudi petroleum minister) to change US foreign policy. The report says: "In January 1973, when he was on assignment to the White House, Akins contacted Mike Ameen, Aramco's Washington representative to tell him that John Ehrlichman was tentatively planning a trip to Saudi Arabia. Akins wanted Ameen to tell Yamani that it was very important for Yamani to give Ehrlichman the message that 'we Saudis love you Americans, but your American policy is hurting us.' . . . Later, at the height of the war, Akins discussed the situation with the Aramco officials in Saudi Arabia and urged that the leaders of the petroleum industry in the United States 'use their contacts at the highest levels of the US Government to hammer home the point that the oil restrictions are not going to be lifted unless the political struggle is settled in a manner satisfactory to the Arabs.' Akins asked that the message be delivered in a clear, unequivocal way so there could be no mistake about the industry position." Akins, a public official, was telling the lobbyists how to lobby.

The Aramco lobbyists were not immediately successful, but relics of the effort give some insight into their methods. One of these is a letter signed by the heads of the four oil companies in Aramco—Exxon, Mobil, Texaco and Socal—and their lawyer, John J. McCloy, addressed to Gen. Alexander Haig, intended for President Nixon. The letter warned that the Saudis were unhappy with America's position during the October war, that they were preparing to cut back oil supplies and that "any actions of the US Government at this time in terms of increased military aid to Israel will have a critical and adverse effect on our relations with the moderate Arab producing countries." The executives warned that Japanese, Russian and European interests might replace American companies "to the detriment of both our economy and our security." The advice was not heeded; the arms were supplied; the embargo was imposed; the price of oil went up; but the companies were not kicked out.

The theme that the oil companies represent American national and economic interests in the Middle East pops up frequently in the Church committee hearings, as does the name of the virtuoso expounder of this

theme, John J. McCloy. McCloy has been chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, president of the World Bank, trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation, assistant secretary of war, military governor of occupied Germany and is now a senior partner in a firm that represents many global corporations, including a score of oil companies. Starting in the early '60s when McCloy took Aramco as a client, he visited Robert Kennedy and every succeeding attorney general to make known his views on the Middle East and oil. He made it clear that the oil company cartel should not be roughly handled under the antitrust laws because it was a national asset worth preserving intact. In the early 1970s he began working closely with Jim Akins to obtain antitrust clearances for the companies he represented so that they could negotiate en masse with OPEC. (Akins and the Justice Department official on the case, Dudley Chapman, were so deferential to the companies that on one occasion they stayed outside the room while company executives met inside to draft documents for the Justice Department. McCloy was the go-between.)

The message that John J. McCloy gave to various Presidents and attorneys general over the last 15 years must have been essentially the one he gave the Church committee. The oil problem, McCloy said in the hearings, began after World War II: "We had oiled the war. We wanted nondomestic sources of supply. The whole government put a thrust in that direction and we did get a presence in this area [the Middle East]. With all the bold talk about self-sufficiency by 1980, I think we need to have a continued presence in what is, after all, perhaps the most productive reserves in the world." Yet, McCloy said, the government should not try to maintain the presence itself: "I think I would have a more knowledgeable, more in-depth organization than the government dealing with this problem of energy, as important as it now seems to be." In sum the US government should keep a "presence" in the Middle East, but it should do so through the oil companies.

The State Department and the oil companies for many years have been less concerned about the price of oil than access to the Persian Gulf oilfields. Thus Akins may have hoped to persuade the Arab members of OPEC not to nationalize the American companies by supporting their demands for high prices. As in the Libyan negotiations, he may have been trying to avoid a "confrontation" with OPEC that he thought would provoke reprisals against US businessmen. Price increases, in this view, aren't necessarily bad because they may buy friendship. If this was the policy, it was never debated in Congress and hardly discussed anywhere by public officials. What might have happened if the government had tried to keep prices down? We don't know. But we are entitled to know why the State Department threw its weight behind OPEC between 1970 and 1973.

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

The Theatrical Event by David Cole

(Wesleyan University Press; \$10.)

"We live between two kinds of truth . . . Imaginative truth and present truth each provide what the other lacks, but only at the expense of lacking what the other provides . . . Theater, and theater alone of human activities, provides an opportunity of experiencing imaginative truth as present truth."

This is the credo of David Cole's fascinating book. He begins with a recognition that "our experience of theater lies in fragments" and "we are not even sure what they are fragments of." His short and intense work, full of feeling and thought, tries to supply the means to help correct this situation. Cole, who has taught in Yale College, is not out to tell us yet again what is wrong with the theater, although he does point out conceptual errors; nor is his primary purpose to tell us what to do about it, although he makes some provocative suggestions. His basic point is to say what the theater *is*: essentially to restate, in terms aided by new knowledges, some old forgotten truths, so that the restatement may be a kind of purging and enabling—and a touchstone.

The historical origins of the theater being what they are, it's only fitting that Cole's principal terms come from comparative religion. The key phrase of his discourse is a concept of many religions, *illud tempus*—"that time"—the time of origins, which is not only the time when the religion began but that time as it continues to exist and which can be made *present* at any moment by ritual. (The relevance of Jung is not lost on Cole.) The play-script is the site of the *illud tempus* for the theater, the site of those forces beneath and around our lives that govern and can clarify them. The actor's function is to journey to that *illud tempus* and bring it back to us, make it present.

In doing this the actor takes on the functions of two universally known

religious agents, the shaman and the hungan. The shaman makes the journey to the *illud tempus*; the hungan himself becomes "the 'way back' of the *illud tempus* toward us." The actor has the responsibility and power of both functions. The moment of reversal, when the actor passes from one function to the other, Cole calls the "rounding." For him it is the "defining characteristic of theatrical performance. It is in the moment of the rounding that the theater, as an event, is born."

Two other terms are basic to his views. He uses "Image" instead of character or role because he wants to emphasize "that the beings whom actors (and through them, audiences) encounter are numinous dwellers in an eternal imaginative *illud tempus*, not just an assortment of persons who happen to be imaginary." And he takes the term "hierophany" from Mircea Eliade, probably his most-used source, to signify "the manifestation of a numinous presence" in and through physical things other than an actor's body—such as scenery and light.

Some of Cole's corroborative quotations from theater writings are surprising—Max Reinhardt, for instance. Most of them come from expected, essential sources like Stanislavski and Grotowski. Stanislavski's concept of the subtext is of a source beneath the text that produces the words and the actions, the source to which the actor must journey and return. Grotowski's central concept is of the "holy actor" whose task is to penetrate to his own sacred essence and bring it forth. Cole's main work has been to provide a philosophical distillation that both supports and is supported by many of the best theater minds.

To do that would have been helpful enough; but Cole then goes on to apply his quintessence to various elements of theater practice and to make clear why we have been uneasy about some of them. For instance, in the chapter on The Audience, he explains why many of us have felt uncomfortable with the idea of "audience participation" (as practiced, let's say, by the Living Theater). He makes clear that the groping and grabbing of us by actors, far from joining us closer to them in contrast to the often torpid conventional theater, actually destroys the actors' shamanic powers, destroys the requisite mystic "distance," destroys the "dread" of rounding that "is the sure, joyful sign that some measure of susceptibility to [the theater's] Images has survived in

us." In the chapter on The Scenic Means, where the idea of hierophany figures beautifully, he uses his special vocabulary to explain why the "thrust" stage is not necessarily the solution to all our staging ills, why the proscenium stage, too, assists hierophany.

Writing on Language, Cole compares passages from different plays to determine whether the writing manifests what is beneath the writing. "Does it move with consciousness?" is his only criterion. Pirandello, I add, called dialogue "spoken action" and wrote an essay with that title in which he developed ideas cognate to Cole's.

A recurrent small weakness in the book blossoms into a full-scale defect in the last chapter. Occasionally he extrapolates a subjective state of his own into universal law. For example, he says that when a friend puts on a mask or an actress comes offstage after a splendid performance "we" are not comfortable with them—and then he builds theory from that questionable generalization. Then in the last chapter, "Interpretation" (his quotation marks), he argues that directorial concepts imposed on plays constitute a refusal of "an offer of participation in a universal—or at any rate, a larger than personal—way of seeing," an interference with the actor's journey to the *illud tempus* and his bringing of it to us. As one who has suffered through many deformed "concept" productions, my immediate impulse is to agree with Cole, but the danger for both of us is, again, this extension of the personal into the

(continued on page 41)

Films Worth Seeing

Love and Death. Woody Allen invades Napoleon's invasion of Russia. Often frantic and forced, often funny. Allen's performing and directing get sharper.

Nashville. Mammoth comment on this country through country music. Smoothly whipped along, but less than meets the eye; and ear.

The Passenger. Antonioni. Not much more to say than that, but certainly no less.

Smile. California teen-age beauty contest. The script is stale satire, but the direction (Michael Ritchie) and performances are fresh.

SK

B.H. Haggin on the Metropolitan Opera

New York's Metropolitan Opera has the same function as its Metropolitan Museum of Art: to keep valuable works of the art it is concerned with available for interested members of the public. Its presentation of Berlioz's *Les Troyens* in the fall of 1973 was, then, analogous to the museum's putting on view a few years ago, its newly acquired Rembrandt painting, *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer*—with one important difference: a large number of other outstanding Rembrandt paintings have been on view at the Metropolitan and other museums of this country and Europe; but *Les Troyens*, Berlioz's single masterpiece in its singular grand style remained unperformed anywhere until recently. Rafael Kubelik produced it at Covent Garden in 1957, and as the musical director appointed by Goeran Gentele when he took charge of the Metropolitan in 1972, was responsible for the production there. He was also responsible for the Metropolitan's presenting again, last fall, another singular masterpiece that it had presented in the '50s—Musorgsky's own revised version of his *Boris Godunov*, as distinguished from the complete recomposition of the work by Rimsky-Korsakov that continues to be performed by most of the world's opera companies. And he was responsible for the Metropolitan's presenting again, last fall, for the first time since the '20s, yet another unusual and impressive work—Janáček's *Jenufa*.

These three were the major additions in repertory that Gentele and Kubelik planned for the seasons of 1973-74 and 1974-75; and I should point out that they represented an artistic understanding and taste that was new in the Metropolitan's operation. *Les Troyens* would have been in several ways an eminently suitable opera with which to open the new Metropolitan Opera House in 1966; but for Rudolf Bing—confident in his possession of the taste he clearly lacked—*Les Troyens* was "a bore"; and he opened the new house with the *Antony and Cleopatra* he had commissioned from Samuel Barber. Characterizing this work in *The New Republic* as a "pseudo *Aida*" produced by the "unmemorable operatic talent" that had produced

Barber's *Vanessa*, Stanley Kauffmann doubted that Bing really had believed Barber was "a valuable opera composer," and contended that he had commissioned Barber because he had been determined to open the house with an American work. But the man who had commissioned *Antony* for the new house had produced *Vanessa* in the old one, and not only this pseudo opera but Menotti's *The Last Savage*, a work by the preeminent American composer of operatic trash, and one that was astonishingly feeble even in its own terms—which was to say that Bing was someone with no capacity to recognize value or the lack of it, who really did believe that Barber and Menotti were valuable opera composers. Operating without this sense for value, Bing also had wasted productions on other works of little consequence and interest like Cilèa's *Adriana Lecouvreur* and Flotow's *Martha*; operating with no understanding of what was and what was not properly in the Metropolitan's repertory, he had produced European operettas that were no more the proper concern of the Metropolitan than were the American musical shows he did not produce.

True enough, it was Bing who had restored a great work of Verdi, *Don Carlo*, to the Metropolitan repertory; it was he who had given that unique 20th-century classic, Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*, its long overdue first production at the Metropolitan; and it was he who had at last replaced Rimsky-Korsakov's recomposition of *Boris Godunov* with Musorgsky's own work there. Whether he had made the decisions about *Don Carlo* and *Wozzeck* by himself I don't know; but it became clear in time that he never perceived the nature and value of Musorgsky's own *Boris*. He had been persuaded to produce it by the conductors Fritz Stiedry and Max Rudolf; having no understanding in the matter he had accepted Stiedry's contention that Musorgsky's orchestration needed strengthening to give it carrying power in a theater as large as the old Metropolitan. The strengthening was done by Karol Rathaus, who not only left untouched the musical substance—melody, harmony, rhythm, phrase-

ology—that Rimsky-Korsakov had rewritten, but scrupulously adhered to Musorgsky's choices and combinations of instruments for the tonal images in his mind, and changed only what he thought was Musorgsky's occasionally inexpert employment of the instruments in order to realize those tonal images more exactly. This didn't satisfy Stiedry, who insisted that some passages of extraordinary idiosyncratic writing for winds be made more "effective" by the addition of rich sonorities of strings; and with these occasional Rimskyisms in the orchestration the public heard a little less than the entirety of Musorgsky's own work. But worse was to come a few years later, when, with Stiedry gone and Erich Leinsdorf advising Bing, the Rathaus version was replaced with Shostakovich's reorchestration and partial recomposition of the work. And when, still later, the singer Nicolai Ghiaurov made it a condition of his participation in a new staging of *Boris*, Bing announced a return to the Rimsky version. Thus Bing's dealing with *Boris* illustrated something that is not sufficiently recognized: that we don't always get the right thing in art from the right person and for the right reason; and that we must be glad, of course, to have it even when it comes from the wrong person or for the wrong reason, but should realize that what the wrong person gives he may allow to be spoiled and may eventually take away.

Kubelik was a right person; and what he planned with Gentele in addition to *Les Troyens* for their first season of 1973-74, as revised with Schuyler G. Chapin after Gentele's death, included right things like the Metropolitan's first production ever of a major work of Verdi, *I Vespri Siciliani*, and a production of Rossini's long absent *L'Italiana in Algeri*. As for new stagings of standard repertory, I would like to think Kubelik shared my view of the wrongness of the staging of Wagner's *Ring* by von Karajan with the designer Günther Schneider-Siemssen that had been contracted for by Bing, but recognized the necessity of completing it with *Die Götterdämmerung*; and that he also shared my view of the wrongness of the planned new *Don Giovanni* (in the end canceled for financial reasons)—the view that the discarding of the old Berman scenery, the greatest I can recall seeing in an opera, was not justified by the arguments that it didn't fit perfectly on the stage of the new house; and that the new *Don Giovanni* would fulfill the promise to Leontyne Price of a new

production of an opera for her.

Presumably Kubelik also participated in the discussions leading to the decisions to produce in 1974-75, in addition to *Boris* and *Jenufa*, Britten's *Death in Venice* and Rossini's *The Siege of Corinth*; and again I would like to think his was a voice of dissent. Britten is England's major composer; but one must say of his music what W.J. Turner said of Bach's—that it is not always “as expressive as it is accomplished”; which is to say that Britten, like Bach, operates much of the time as a resourceful inventor of progressions of sounds that go through the motions of saying something while actually saying nothing. There have been exceptions—above all *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which, when the New York City Opera produced it years ago, seemed to me one of this century's few impressive achievements in opera, and parts of *Peter Grimes*, which the Metropolitan produced. But the exceptions do not include *Death in Venice*, with its musical invention that doesn't communicate the subtleties of Mann's prose and has no purely musical interest in itself, and in addition the appalling mistranslation of Mann's verbal images of the boy Tadzio into the ballet poses and movements of an older trained dancer in the sequences choreographed for him and a supporting group by Ashton.

As for *The Siege of Corinth*, I presume that Kubelik approved a production of this final revision, for the Paris Opera in 1826, of the *Maometto II* Rossini had written for Naples in 1820—a revision that eliminated some of the showy florid writing of the first version and added new writing in the simpler and nobler style of his later serious works. But I cannot believe Kubelik would have accepted the version of *The Siege* that Thomas Schippers contrived with his structurally damaging cuts, his stylistically incongruous patching together of some of the discarded florid writing of *Maometto* and the simpler writing of the final revised work, and the added florid ornamentation that carried excess to sheer absurdity—a version that misused and degraded Rossini's opera for the endless display of Beverly Sills's coloratura pyrotechnics that was itself a misuse and degradation of her long overdue first appearances at the Metropolitan.

The production of this Schippers version of *The Siege of Corinth*, like the earlier productions of the Rimsky and Shostakovich versions of *Boris*, demonstrated that while opera companies have the same function as art museums they

don't execute that function in the way museums do. Except for grime and deterioration caused by time, a painting is exhibited by a museum exactly as it was painted originally by the artist, never as altered by someone else; and there is never any debate whether the alterations improve the original work, but instead an understanding that whatever their effect the alterations are impermissible. But for almost 100 years it has been generally accepted that Rimsky's *Boris* is more effective than Musorgsky's and therefore the *Boris* to perform; and only a few—Toscanini, amazingly, not among them—have understood, first, that no matter how effective, the Rimsky recomposition of Musorgsky's work was impermissible, and, further, that the effectiveness Rimsky achieved was not the effect Musorgsky intended—that Musorgsky's almost drab orchestral coloring of the coronation scene, for example, was part of his perception of the scene, which Rimsky's orchestral brilliance falsified. As late as December 1974 Andrew Porter—who is made uncomfortable by the altered sound of “our modern Mozart performances at modern pitch, on modern instruments”—could write in *The New Yorker* that “the idea of ‘Boris’ as a colorful Russian pageant . . . given dazzling expression in the Salzburg production [of the Rimsky version] . . . by von Karajan . . . is not an untrue idea, but less than the whole truth”—with which he demonstrated his failure to understand that Rimsky's dazzling pageant cannot be accepted as any part of the truth about Musorgsky's *Boris*, and this truth can include only what Musorgsky himself wrote in realization of his own ideas.

As for cuts, even Toscanini, fanatical in his belief in the sanctity of the composer's text, felt free to make a large cut in the finale of Tchaikovsky's *Manfred* symphony. And even Kubelik—who told an interviewer, correctly, that one had to take a work like *Les Troyens* as it stood, without fiddling and cutting—did fiddle with a cut of “only eight minutes or so” of “some nice music” that was “a dramatic retardation.” But in this huge work the only “eight minutes or so” could have been left untouched; and actually what he cut was the affecting music of the scene that provides the transition from Dido's quarrel with the departing Aeneas to her decision that she must die.

Kubelik's resignation from his position of musical director in February 1974 left Schippers free, in the fall of that

year, to make cuts in *Boris* that I am certain Kubelik would not have permitted. Schippers claimed, in an interview, that whereas Kubelik in Munich had “made cuts that I couldn't figure out why,” his version would be “virtually uncut” and “the most complete performance of ‘Boris’ ever, ever, ever.” But in fact Kubelik's one major cut in Act Two—of Feodor's story about the parrot, which delays Shuisky's entrance after he has been announced—was so understandable and right that Schippers did the same thing; and it was Schippers' additional cuts that were incomprehensible and indefensible. One was the omission, earlier in Act Two, of the song to which Feodor and the nurse clap their hands in a crescendo of excitement to the sudden entrance of Boris that frightens the nurse—which destroyed the intended effect of that entrance. Others were the omission, in the Kromy scene, of the reappearance of Varlaam and Missail, and additional passages, which added up to a butchery of the scene; and the slicing out even of phrases in the dying Boris's farewell to his son.

Also, on the matter of staging, no museum would agree that anything had to be done to paintings of past centuries to make them valid for today; but Bing was an advocate of “presenting masterpieces as seen through contemporary eyes”—i.e. the eyes of designer-director teams who used their skills not for the effective realization of the composer's explicitly stated conceptions of the scenes and action of his opera, but instead for striking inventions of stagecraft embodying ideas of their own about the opera that might ignore or contradict the composer's ideas. With Bing's departure there was the hope that the Metropolitan would not again offer anything like the hollowed-out base of an enormous tree that was Schneider-Siemssen's distractingly inadequate and absurd substitute for the interior of Hunding's hut specified by Wagner as the performance area of the first act of *Die Walküre*; or the bullring—embodying Barrault's idea of Carmen and José as antagonists in Spain's erotic ritual of the bullfight—that Jacques Dupont designed in place of the square in Seville specified by Bizet as the scene of the first act of *Carmen*.

However, that hope was disappointed by the very first offering of the new regime in the fall of 1972—the new production of *Carmen* planned by Gentile (himself a stage director) with the designer Josef Svoboda, and staged after

Gentile's death by Bodo Igesz. It was announced as a restoration of Bizet's work that replaced the recitatives added by Guiraud with the original spoken dialogue, and reinstated some of the music that had been omitted ever since the first performance. But instead of restoring the crowded, colorful square in Seville that Bizet specified for the first act, Svoboda perversely placed the act in what was in every detail the opposite of such a square: a bare courtyard, enclosed on one side by a severely plain guard house, on the other side by an even more severe windowless wall, and in the center by an iron picket fence with a locked gate, which kept out the passers-by referred to in the guards' opening chorus—this being only the first of its disservices to the action. Also some of the restored dialogue was cut—in particular the very first exchange of Carmen and José, whose removal was part of the idea of their first encounter that Gentile substituted for Bizet's. As Bizet has it, Carmen is piqued by José's ignoring her and working at his chain while she sings the Habanera, and at its conclusion jars him out of his indifference with her provocative words and her throwing her flower at him. As Gentile changed it, José, at his first sight of Carmen when she entered, stood transfixed, a doomed man, and continued to stand motionless throughout her Habanera; and as she approached him at its conclusion the stage was darkened except for the spotlights on the two doomed characters who stood confronting each other in silence, until Carmen threw the flower and burst into mocking laughter as she ran away. Gentile's contrivance was dramatically effective; but so is Bizet's; and *Carmen* is his opera, not Gentile's.

It was in *I Vespri Siciliani*, a year later, that Svoboda revealed the full measure of the damage his obsessive idiosyncratic invention could inflict on an opera. *I Vespri*, written for the Paris Opera, was Verdi's version of the large-scale, opulently spectacular grand operas that were presented there. But for this work Svoboda decided on a color scheme for scenery and costumes limited to black and gray, and on scenery limited to the enormous staircase he sees in almost every opera he designs—in this instance a staircase which, flanked by building walls, could be accepted as a street rising from the square in Palermo in the first scene, but could not suggest what Verdi specifies in the scenes that follow: a valley leading to the sea, the study in Monforte's palace, the palace's ballroom, its gardens. (The study was completely

Is there really starvation in America?



There sure is.

And there would be more of it except for the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund.

There's Elma May Greer. Since her husband died, she's been trying to support eight children on \$84 a month from welfare.

Join Ray Wood's family for dinner. When he can't pick up any day labor, his \$25-a-month veteran's disability pension has to feed all 11 of them.

Try budgeting Berlean Fairley's \$60 a month to cover lights, gas, food and shoes for four growing kids.

For these families, and thousands more in the rural South, there's only one alternative to literal, actual starvation: the Federal Food Stamp Program.

But how do you buy food stamps when you have no cash? How do you get to the selling office when you're blind, or crippled, or can't scrape up the carfare?

That's where the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund comes in.

Through volunteers working out of local NAACP branches, we provide the cash—and sometimes the carfare—that makes food stamps

available to the Greers and Woods and Fairleys.

Sometimes it's as little as \$1 to buy a penniless couple \$64 worth of food stamps. Occasionally, it's as much as \$20, which can give each member of a family of 16 about 65¢ worth of food each day. Mostly, we help families out with the \$8 or \$10 or \$12 a month they need to get their full food-stamp allotment.

It really isn't much—but to the people who get it, it's the difference between life and death.

And when you're talking about more than 30,000 families helped, the cost mounts up.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund needs your help so badly.

Every dollar you contribute is tax-deductible. And, on the average, every dollar we get converts into \$11 worth of food.

But we can't do it without *your* dollars. So please send what you can. Thanks.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
Dept. E22, Box 121,
Radio City Station,
New York, N.Y. 10019

bare, with not even a chair for Monforte to sit on.)

But the season of 1973-74 that offered this misconceived *I Vespri* offered also the admirable production of *Les Troyens*. In spite of occasional details that were gimmicky and even damaging—the wolves symbolizing Rome that were hung above the stage; the ineffective film projection of the wooden horse that Berlioz doesn't ask for; the unattractive as well as unnecessary fish netting that was hung over the Carthaginian scenes; the chaotic film projections and embarrassing pantomime on the stage that were an annoying intrusion during the orchestral interlude *Royal Hunt and Storm*—Peter Wexler's scenery and costumes and Nathaniel Merrill's direction fulfilled impressively the requirements of this work in the style of French grand opera that Berlioz ennobles. Except for a few details the production of *L'Italiana in Algeri* designed and directed by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle also

served that work well.

Jenufa and *Boris Godunov*, however, fared badly in the season of 1974-75—the first with the ugly sets of Schneider-Siemssen and poor direction of Günther Rennert; the second with the scenic invention of Ming Cho Lee and the direction of August Everding. Lee's imaginative poverty was evident in what he designed as the room in the Tsar's apartment; one of the mannerisms of his invention was exemplified at its worst in the single wall of Marina's boudoir that was placed against the backdrop of foliage for the garden of the next of the Polish scenes; and it got to be irritating in the series of Russian scenes in which the truncated walls of rooms or facades of buildings were all placed against the one permanent backdrop of icons. Everding, ignoring Musorgsky's stage directions for Boris's last moments, substituted action that was striking to the eye but was contradicted by Boris's words. And what Lee and Everding

contrived for the Kromy scene, in place of what Musorgsky specifies, carried confusion to sheer absurdity. On the other hand Nicolai Benois provided good traditional scenery for *The Siege of Corinth*; but the hacked-up action defied whatever skill the director, Sandro Sequi, may have.

A performance of opera in which all the elements are first-rate is rare: in the '30s one ignored the shabby scenery of *Tristan und Isolde*, the insensitive conducting of Bodanzky, and was content with the singing of Leider, Flagstad and Melchior. Today one makes an effort to keep from being disturbed by what operas look like as seen through the eyes of contemporary designers, and listens to the superb musical performance of *I Vespri Siciliani* achieved by James Levine's conducting and the singing of Caballé, Gedda and Milnes, or the good one of *Boris* achieved by Schippers and the cast headed by Talvela. Recognizing that the Metropolitan can't have all the first-rate singers and conductors it needs, one accepts a performance of *Carmen* or *L'Italiana in Algeri* whose only distinction is the singing of Marilyn Horne; but a performance of *Jenufa* afflicted throughout with the strangled, strident sounds produced by Varnay is difficult to accept even with the singing of Vickers and Kubiak; and so is a performance of *The Siege of Corinth* with a Sills who can offer an endless boring demonstration of phenomenal coloratura pyrotechnics, but whose voice in quiet cantilena, by now, is clouded by excessive vibrato, and becomes strident with increased intensity. These are what the Metropolitan has offered in the past three seasons, but in addition it offered one example of the rarity I spoke of a moment ago: the performance of *Les Troyens* that was excellently staged, superbly sung by Vickers, Christa Ludwig and Verrett, and admirably conducted by Kubelik.

It was Kubelik who, as musical director, was responsible for the Metropolitan's undertaking *Les Troyens*, *Jenufa* and Musorgsky's own *Boris*. And it is the appointment of Levine as his successor that gives one hope of musical excellence at the Metropolitan in the years ahead. What one hopes in addition is that he wants an end of the vandalism of stage designers and directors, and that he will be able to achieve it.

B. H. Haggin's latest collection of critical writing is *A Decade of Music* (Horizon Press).

THE CAMPUS COMPANION

The New Republic, the leading political publication among America's intellectuals, is a valued companion for your student in college this fall. The additional stimulation and nourishment from a 8-month subscription to TNR, to carry through the academic year, is as welcome as it is practical. Just fill out the blank and mail in your gift subscription today.

Please send one 8-month student subscription at \$6.50 to:

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Gift from _____

Address order to:

THE NEW REPUBLIC

381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302

D0200

Reconsideration

At Swim-Two-Birds by Flann O'Brien

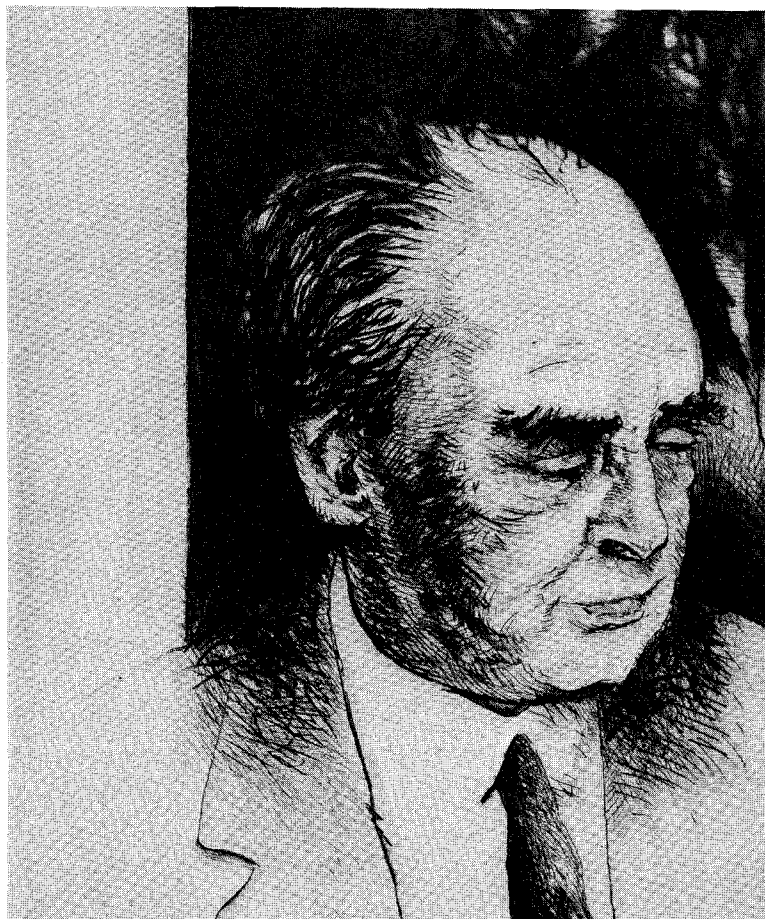
(Hart-Davis/MacGibbon; £1.50)

People tell me that in the 1960s there was an American paperback edition of Flann O'Brien's "rediscovered" novel, *At Swim-Two-Birds*. The Viking Press put it in one of their Compass paperback editions for the college market. Those were the years I was in college trying to figure out contemporary fiction, but I never saw it around, nor had I even heard of Flann O'Brien. The rage was Flannery O'Connor.

I got out of school in 1969, just about the time a disruptively new style of American fiction was becoming apparent. And from nearly all of these newly popular writers—Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Donald Barthelme, Ishmael Reed and so forth—I was hearing about a common influence: "Flann O'Brien." Even writers not yet so famous, such as Ronald Sukenick, Susan Quist, Clarence Major, Gilbert Sorrentino, M. G. Stephens and Steve Katz, were giving me the same answer to my question of "who influenced your writing": this Irish novelist whose single masterwork had somehow been noticed by our own most exciting new writers.

"Flann O'Brien," I learned, was the pseudonym of Brian O'Nolan (1911-1966), who wrote three other novels in English which have been reprinted now and then by Walker in America and by Hart-Davis/MacGibbon in England—*The Hard Life*, *The Dalkey Archive*, and *The Third Policeman*. His Gaelic novel, *The Poor Mouth* (1941), was newly translated in both countries last year. And a selection of his Gaelic and English newspaper columns, written for *The Irish Times* under the second pseudonym of Myles na Gopaleen, is part of the

same Hart-Davis republication program. Reading these books makes *At Swim-Two-Birds* a bit less complicated, but there is not that much in these nice but secondary works of a minor writer which isn't covered in his obviously



Flann O'Brien by Jack Coughlin

Courtesy of Godine Press, Inc.

major work. There is no workable *auteur* theory for Brian O'Nolan. We are talking about a book, not a writer.

Which seems the way "Flann O'Brien" would want it. The brilliance of *At Swim-Two-Birds* is its ability to be self-effacing at the same time that it's self-reflective—a quality of the best fiction written by O'Brien's admirers. There is a voice which begins *At Swim-Two-Birds* ("Having placed in my mouth sufficient bread for three minutes' chewing, I withdrew my powers of sensual perception and retired to the privacy of my

mind"), but the first thing O'Brien does is undercut the reader's temptation and author's weakness to take this "I," ego and all, as an anthropomorphic figure. "I reflected on the subject of my spare-time literary activities," the voice continues, but before things carry on much farther the living person behind this book (Brian O'Nolan) tacitly asks both reader and narrator, So what? Who cares? What's going on here, anyway? The artificiality of his fiction-writing business is admitted right away: a good book may have "three openings entirely dissimilar and interrelated only in the prescience of the author, or for that matter one hundred times as many endings." So O'Brien the author gives us

examples of three separate openings: Finn Mac Cool existing in his legendary status, the Pooka Mac-Phellimey ("a member of the devil class") going about his folklorish business, and Mr. John Furriskey, a pleasant but humdrum young man with one claim to fame—"he was born at the age of twenty-five and entered the world with a memory but without a personal experience to account for it." Furriskey, you see, is a modern day created character, who despite his quotidian qualities is just as much an invention as the Pooka or Finn Mac Cool. In such a league, of course, Furriskey might come off as a dud. But that wouldn't be Furriskey's fault. He didn't ask to be in this novel.

Consider the democratic self-effacement: Flann O'Brien could have created a superman, giving him a superior imagination to run riot among the literary

types in this obviously self-conscious novel, in the process making O'Brien look like the finest manipulator of the world since Alexander the Great. On the other hand, O'Brien—as he chews his bread, airs his room, arranges his books and writing paper—could have created an absolute jerk and spent the rest of *At Swim-Two-Birds* cracking sly jokes at such a helpless dolt and running the whole show into the ground. But neither would be much of a book.

And so Finn Mac Cool, the Pooka and Mr. John Furriskey all get their due

because of O'Brien's esthetic decency, part of his theory of the novel which he explains to a friend before the action advances too far:

It was stated that while the novel and the play were both pleasing intellectual exercises, the novel was inferior to the play inasmuch as it lacked the outward accidents of illusion, frequently inducing the reader to be outwitted in a shabby fashion and caused to experience a real

concern for the fortunes of illusory characters. The play was consumed in a wholesome fashion by large masses in places of public resort; the novel was self-administered in private. The novel, in the hands of an unscrupulous writer, could be despotic. In reply to an inquiry, it was explained that a satisfactory novel should be a self-evident sham to which the reader could regulate at will the degree of his credulity. It was undemocratic to compel characters to be uniformly good or bad or

poor or rich. Each should be allowed a private life, self-determination and a decent standard of living. This would make for self-respect, contentment and better service. It would be incorrect to say that it would lead to chaos. Characters should be interchangeable as between one book and another. The entire corpus of existing literature should be regarded as a limbo from which discerning authors could draw their characters as required, creating only when they failed to find a suitable existing puppet. The modern novel should be largely a work of reference.

This is not a crackpot theory. In his *Irish Times* columns the same intelligence would suggest schemes for the sanity of country and culture, relying on the same sense of hard-nosed ingenuity to expose the phoniness at hand. In these columns "Myles na Gopaleen" would be alternately interrupted by his "editor," complaining about space, and by "The Plain People of Ireland," arguing for the facts as they saw them. As a result the column could have it both ways, with the complexities of life kept free of self-serving illusion.

The bad columnist loses a sense of perspective. So too with the bad novelist, the manipulator of illusions whom O'Brien incorporates in *At Swim-Two-Birds* as "Dermot Trellis." Trellis wants to write "a book on sin and the wages attaching thereto. He is appalled by the spate of sexual and other crimes recorded in recent times in the newspapers—particularly those published on Saturday night." However Trellis knows that "a purely moralizing tract would not reach the public." And so to have his "salutary book to be read by all," he will take command of a novel. "He is putting plenty of smut into his book," we learn. "There will be no less than seven indecent assaults on young girls and any amount of bad language. There will be whisky and porter for further orders."

Trellis tries to be the despotic novelist. He borrows some characters from other novels (as he should), but compels them to behave out of character. He creates the fall guy, Mr. John Furriskey, to be the seductive villain: "a depraved character, whose task is to attack women and behave at all times in an indecent manner." But once created, Furriskey turns out to be no such fellow at all. Conversely his intended prey ("Peggy, a domestic servant"), has already been assailed by Finn Mac Cool, "a legendary character hired by Trellis on account of

THE FRONTENAC

Directly on the white sand beach of the Gulf
Lido Beach · Sarasota, Florida

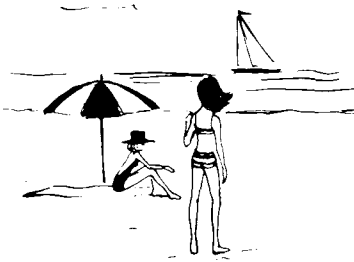


Easygoing. That's the word for The Frontenac. An informal kind of place...out of the mainstream, on the Gulf at the southern tip of preferred Lido Beach. No finer setting in the Sarasota region.

The Frontenac is out of the mainstream, but just seconds from the exclusive shops of St. Armands Circle. Minutes from the varied attractions of Sarasota...music, theatre, museums, greyhound racing, entertainment lounges, renowned restaurants, boating and fishing in bay and Gulf.

THE FRONTENAC · 2150 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN DRIVE
LIDO BEACH · SARASOTA, FLORIDA 33577
TELEPHONE (813) 388-2138

Write for information: Mr. Hobbs, Dept. W



the former's venerable appearance and experience, to act as the girl's father and chastise her for her transgressions against the moral law." In both instances the despotic Trellis has lost control of his ill-chosen characters; their only recourse is to take advantage of that loss and build their own lives, which turn out to be more interesting (and in the case of the legendary Finn, more authentic) than what Trellis had intended. The despotic novelist's powers are suspended when he sleeps—that's when Finn got out of control and back into character to assault Peggy. So when Furriskey and Peggy find themselves honestly and virtuously in love, they sneak out of Trellis's novel when he sleeps and establish, for a precious few hours each day, a life of their own. In time the characters devise a plan to keep Trellis in a drugged sleep for 20 hours a day and finally recruit their own novelist—Trellis's son Orlick—to compose a story in which the despot will be punished by his own creations.

The result, of course, is an utter sham. But it's a self-evident sham, which makes *At Swim-Two-Birds* a more effective novel than the potboiler Trellis is writing. Flann O'Brien establishes the space in which to let his characters behave with apparent freedom, according to the esthetics of their own true creation. Finn can be Finn, the Pooka can be his devilish self and Furriskey can make his own way through the complex modern world of social fact and legend. A dozen other characters from different times and places find themselves together and make the best of it on their own terms. O'Brien, as the novelist who refuses to take himself so seriously, can take delight in them all. Freed from such misconstrued seriousness, O'Brien on a smaller scale can make a character out of Pope Pius X in *The Hard Life* (telling a crackpot reformer to "go to hell"), of James Joyce in *The Dalkey Archive* secluding himself as a pubkeeper in Kerry, writing tracts for the Catholic Truth Society as an antidote to the "hoax" of *Ulysses* and aspiring to the Jesuit novitiate), and of an entire village police force in *The Third Policeman* (who live out in mundane fashion a bizarre physical theory of space and time, as perfect counterpoint to the "murder thriller" O'Brien is writing on the surface of his novel).

The love of characters as characters, of plots as plots and of metaphors as metaphors is the self-reflective quality one finds among younger fictionists today. Their arguments square with

O'Brien's esthetic, pleading that the self-evident sham is ultimately more humane than the "social moralism" O'Brien parodies in the character of Dermot Trellis. What do we hear from a socially committed young writer of today, Clarence Major, when it comes to the efficacy of literary art? "The deliberate effort, propaganda, has never helped anyone toward a larger sense of self. It has always been the novel or poem that begins from and spreads all across the entire human experience that ends liberating minds." Or from M. G. Stephens, even younger, perhaps even tougher? "First, I say, never write to get even. It will always go against you. Second, be like Chekhov, love every character you write about. The second rule is essential—you can't get into a character, whether you criticize or praise, unless you love them first. Not like LOVE. With an obsessive passion."

Just as in his lesser novels he could recreate historical personages into esthetic figures and in that manner grant them a newer, freer, funnier life, Flann O'Brien saw his literary characters in *At Swim-Two-Birds* for what they were: pure creations. Nothing more and nothing less, he could use them and love them for that.

Jerome Klinkowitz

Jerome Klinkowitz is professor of English at the University of Northern Iowa and author of *Literary Disruptions* (University of Illinois Press).

The Gaol Gate

Slammer by Ben Greer

(Atheneum; \$8.95)

At least since Shaw's cynical quip that as long as we have prisons it doesn't much matter which of us occupy the cells, prisons have been the most commodious of microcosms, biopsies of alienation as comfortably remote from actual experience as the notion that we are castaways or shipmates on a man-of-war. But in hard-scrabble times existential platitudes have a way of recoiling upon themselves; and in the literary after-

math of Attica, prisons are malignancy as well as symptom, festering concentrations of poison that threaten the whole system with infection. In *Slammer*, the best first novel to come out of the South since *Deliverance*—to which it is in some sense both homage and retort—brutality is a matter not of instinct but of susceptibility, not the irrepressible violence of suburbanites on the river but the spiritual rot of men on the timeless flood backed up behind penitentiary walls.

Like the war novel, of which it is a domestic inversion, the prison novel tends to focus on the psychology of fear, tracking ethnic samples of men without women across the landscape of hell into inevitable carnage. The riot is to prison life what battle is to warfare, and the crucial test of character occurs not in physical conflict but in preliminary confrontation with its own dread. Initially the young guard Walsh refuses to abandon hope in the multi-tiered inferno of the block, hesitantly probing with his flashlight's stare the numbered cells where inmates sleep like fetuses in jars. But bit by bit, like the naive inmate Childs, he comes to think of them as roaches swishing their antennae in the dark, scuttling and waiting for his back to turn. His counterpart among the prisoners is Moultrie, a civil rights agitator with visions of apocalypse, determined to liberate his fellow blacks from the slammer's Muslim boss. But liberation is also the work of the Muslim's hit man, the Angel of Death, who murders with an ice pick in the ear and whom Moultrie buys off for a time with cocaine. The white inmates, Hawkins and Childs, merely try to hold their own; but one is raped and quickly corrupted and the other killed by a ricocheting bullet. The only character to prevail is Father Breen, a rough-hewn priest whose compassionate familiarity with sin prompts understanding rather than reform. In an ironically improbable Hollywood ending, Breen single-handedly quells a riot; but even he is forced to kneel before a rival priest: "Folding his rough hands before him, clearing his throat, Breen began. 'Bless me, Father, for I have sinned . . .'" It is the only absolution in the book.

In the slammer every character is matched with his antagonist, every gesture of generosity countered by perversity or greed. Like Flannery O'Connor, Greer illuminates his grotesques with the redemptive glare of Catholicism; and, like her, he knows evil is contagious for travellers in infernal

regions, that the mechanisms of purgatory and paradise by which one pays one's debt and is rehabilitated may be only figments of the warden's college-trained imagination. Thus the apparent resolutions at the end of *Slammer* are as treacherously spiked as the hominy grits in which a guard bites down on a tack. Conflicts momentarily stabilize with the shedding of blood, but for the inmates there is no salvation or forgiveness; only a restoration of the status quo. It is a

superannuated prison whore who, like one of Fellini's hermaphroditic oracles, pronounces the ultimate wisdom of the slammer: "Here those who love murder or are murdered . . . when you lie in bed alone, belong only to yourself."

It is fashionable to attribute all that is rapacious and depraved to masculine stereotypes, and it is true the slammer appears a morbid compensation for the absence of women—though women are mentioned only as shrewish harri-

or as compliant ciphers who complicate a man's efforts to work out his hang-ups. And yet there is pervasively present amid the hothouse sadism of this nether world a masculine sweetness shyly, almost sacramentally, remembered that contradicts the emotional aridity of prison, as a brief glimpse of the prison farm contradicts the fetid labyrinth of the block. The search for paternal sympathy even more than the gothic naturalism relates *Slammer* to the great tradition of Southern fiction. For inmate and guard alike it is the sober gentleness of father to son that is the archetypal touchstone of happiness—memories of hunting in the woods, of drinking whisky and building fires, sharing the prerogative of responsible violence. And it is from such images that a tentative alternative to the slammer is evoked, a boy's version of paradise, a sexless hive golden with honey. But the images are invariably broken, and in the violation of their promise the rage and frustration of prison are spawned. If the evil of the slammer has a root it is this, torn from the past of every character: the father vanishes, or sins against his own strength. Breen, like Childs's father, was an alcoholic; Moultrie's father was a junkie. Maybe, as Breen surmises, it is easier to be strong than good, but the question that haunts the slammer is less of innocence and corruption than why men betray their own strength. Hemingway claimed that women insidiously and deliberately destroy it, because they fear it and hate it; but Greer implies that strength, denied self-recognition of its tenderness, its femininity, withers of its own accord and turns upon itself. Ever with its wardens and priests, *Slammer* is as bereft of fathers as *Lord of the Flies* and if God the Father remains aloof, it is not the novelist's responsibility to tell us where to find him.

Slammer has the faults of most first novels, but it also has an intensity and authenticity that we trust as we trust Malcolm Lowry and William Burroughs in their separate hells. Greer became penitentiary guard to write this book. He quit when his life was threatened and the warden warned him that he could not be protected in the block. Before the book was finished, the model for Father Breen was bludgeoned with a section of pipe. On his last day at the prison Greer unlocked the execution chamber and, ignoring regulations, forced himself to sit in the chair until his nerves were steady and his terror purged. It was a melodramatic gesture, the sort men make when they come back from the

LET THE NEW REPUBLIC BLAZE THE TRAIL—

If you are a teacher of government, literature, international relations, history or economics, we recommend *The New Republic* for use in your classroom. Special classroom rates for bulk orders of 10 or more copies are as follows: *Each student's copy costs only 19 cents weekly if 10 or more are mailed to a single address. Free desk copies are included for each instructor.*

Orders may be placed for any number of weeks, for one week only, or for the entire school year. You will receive your copies before they appear on the newsstand—insurance that the contents are fresh and exciting.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
An Independent Journal of Opinion
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

Please enter this CLASSROOM ORDER.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Number of copies weekly

Number of free copies needed for Instructor

Starting date

Termination date

Signature

☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Bill me

and the only sort of answer Greer feels obliged to provide. All we know after finishing *Slammer* is what we had already guessed, that prison is symptomatic of society at large and that evil breeds evil. But, Greer's point is this: if evil is an ineradicable and necessary part of man's being—if he exists in a fallen state, as Father Breen and Flannery O'Connor would have it—human society is by necessity, as another of his characters insists, a precarious balance of good and evil, not merely locked in conflict but by a complex equilibrium of stresses and tensions the very buttress of continuity. How then, he adds with Faulknerian affirmation, can we hope for more than to master our roles before they are played out, to see ourselves as part of that vaster reality in which the muddy river that loops the prison is both the Styx and time itself, and the absent father not only our lost innocence in the pineywoods but the creator who sees and knows and, without intervening, comprehends?

Benjamin Dunlap

Benjamin Dunlap is professor of English at the University of South Carolina.

American Pie

Some Kind of Hero by James Kirkwood

Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$8.95)

On one long evening recently I saw the movie *Nashville* and finished James Kirkwood's new novel *Some Kind of Hero*. I went to sleep more struck than usual with what our country's artists think of our country: 'tis no damned good. *Nashville* is a better movie than *Some Kind of Hero* is a novel, but both works have merit and both of them kept telling me to pack up. I have been ready to pack up anyway for several decades, but I keep hoping that somebody will come along with a cause or a program to distract me. Nobody does. Robert Altman of *Nashville* is certainly no distraction. He has put together a very moral film showing hardly a person in the environs of the country-music city who is not crooked, stupid, hypocritical,

selfish and unmusical, with the cast including a female reporter for the BBC whose stupidity makes the distress international. He has at the end an assassination scene that is drowned out in bad music rising to the heavens as all generations of Americans listen and America's future is heavily laid out for us as more of same. *Some Kind of Hero* is not panoramic, grand, epic like *Nashville* at the end but the big social message is clear enough, and similar: our society is unredeemable, hence the individual had best rush out and make it on his own. Making it for this particular hero, Eddie Keller, means pulling a couple of hold-ups for which we are apparently supposed to respect him more: he is brave, determined, resolute in the face of continuing long odds.

But before the end of either film or novel there are moments of hope, and the hope, while a niceness we can well do with some of, mixes unevenly with the distress. In *Nashville* for instance the music seems meant to be taken seriously as music about half the time, perhaps so that the country-music buffs can emerge thinking they have seen not a swifty calling our humanity into doubt but a pleasant musical comedy. And in *Some Kind of Hero* there are even a few genuinely warm-blooded people. What are they doing there (I kept wondering)? How can there be room for them in Kirkwood's national scheme?

The mix in both works can be seen as either bad esthetics or good realism, but for neither movie nor novel was it clear which way the creators wanted me to look. *Nashville* was the artier of the two and its direction, even when ambiguous, seemed deliberately so. But *Some Kind of Hero* despite moments of naiveté was not without deliberateness either. In the end both seemed designed to be obscure, on the grounds perhaps that obscurity is the way to, or the same as, profundity.

So Eddie Keller is profound in being "some kind" of hero rather than the usual kind. Kirkwood is certainly anxious not to tell us outright *what* kind but as the story progresses he can't keep it from us. Eddie is a hero because he is normal. He is a sensitive, sexually precocious (all heroes of all kinds now have to be sexually somehow precocious) young soldier who meets the enemy and is captured, jailed near Hanoi for four years and released unharmed to return to the US as a momentary usual hero; then relegated to poverty and trouble by a variety of forces from a bad daddy to a thankless Pentagon but never

allowed by his creator to react to those forces unpredictably, that is, react to them the way an all-American boy wouldn't. During his miscellaneous adventures on two continents he meets one POW who is a good guy, one military medico who is a good guy and one girl who becomes his wife, but otherwise the not-large cast consists of grotesque including his mother (paralyzed by a stroke), a tyrannical jailer, a hooker who is so sexually precocious that she has a room full of whips and other useful items and a number of subordinate eccentrics who enforce Eddie's normalcy by contrast. Even the POW is abnormal in his intensities, and the wife manages to achieve a dubious abnormalcy by being unfaithful. Eddie the norm, then, stands alone.

And of what does normalcy consist? Aside from sexual potency, which is basic, the main normalcy ingredient would seem to be a wholly desirable capacity to feel warmly, hopefully toward others. Eddie is meant to be a man with lovely honest feelings in a world not distinguished for lovely honest feelings. He even has lovely honest feelings toward his country, and when his plane flies in over San Fran-

Take a torture tour

... through 62 nations of the world (including the U.S.A.) with Amnesty International's *Report on Torture*: a shocking and important new book about one of society's most shameful practices—its recent proliferation, history, medical and psychological aspects, and legal remedies.

Amnesty International REPORT ON TORTURE

Cloth \$8.95, paper \$3.45;
now at your bookstore

FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX



cisco at dusk he discovers that his life, which has "been in black and white for the last four years . . . has turned Technicolor again." He is in other words an apple-pie American at heart and we should be grateful, the drift of the text suggests, for his existence.

The apple-pie drift is even strong enough to have caused one critic, quoted on the jacket, to go slightly ga-ga, saying, "You will root for, cry with and cheer Eddie on"; but since the cheering, if there is to be any, must include cheering for Eddie as he lifts approximately 100 grand from a couple of strangers it is a cheering for an individual who has a nowhere-questioned prerogative to determine what apple pie is. That prerogative would seem to include the right to kill though no one is actually killed, and it is the prerogative that probably chiefly distinguishes the "some kind" of hero of our time from the old heroes who lived by laws beyond themselves. Eddie is a most representative modern American hero in his assertion of the prerogative, and his creator's insistence that Eddie remain a good guy when he asserts it is a representative modern putdown of all possible institutional prerogatives. Onward and upward with Eddie and his gun.

It is of course the guns and what they are used for that is perhaps most American about the prerogative—in *Nashville* and *Some Kind of Hero* as well as in the rest of the big world of real and esthetic guns we live in. Eddie starts with a toy gun from F.A.O. Schwartz's, moves to a real gun and manages not to kill anybody with it but to indicate that he could and would. The assassin in *Nashville* can and does kill with his. Both these gunmen display the prerogative well, and though one is portrayed as manic (he is modelled after the man who shot George Wallace) and the other is portrayed as normal, they share—and this is what is apple pie—a totally singular approach to their guns' uses. Not revolutionaries of any stripe, having no cause, no purpose other than settling the private grudge or difficulty, they proceed relentlessly in their view of the right, the right that has become the great American right. It is not the right to revolution, not the right to overthrow tyranny for the public good, but the right to violence for the private good alone since the private good is the only going good.

Nashville is a film that professes not to respect that right. It is therefore ostensibly old-fashioned in its morality but

Robert Altman knows the dangers of not being up-to-date; he capitalizes on the violence cinematically as he condemns it, knowing that he has to make the film a seller in apple-pie America. As for *Some Kind of Hero* it shows no scruples at all about violence for the private good, none, that is, unless the introduction of Eddie's Ma constitutes a scruple.

Yes, Ma. For Eddie, it turns out, is not working wholly for himself as he battles the bad world and picks up his 100

grand. He is working for himself and Ma (and just a bit for the girl of his dead POW friend). Without Ma and the girl, I suppose, he might be criticized for being selfish.

Reed Whittemore

Reed Whittemore was nominated for a National Book Award in poetry for 1974. His *William Carlos Williams* will be published in October (Houghton Mifflin).

The Back of the Book

The Horse at the Bottom

Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust* (1939) has been a cult book in American universities for over 15 years. Last spring it was made into a movie that, because it is bad, has intensified faith in the original. The translation to film was easy. *The Day of the Locust* is a story made of images which mount and multiply until they create and invigorate the mob toward which the novel tends. Every character is a scene: Tod Hackett, the Hollywood artist; "a very complicated young man with a whole set of personalities, one inside the other like a nest of Chinese boxes." Faye Greener the extra, loved by Tod, but not loving him; "If you threw yourself on her, it would be like throwing yourself from the parapet of a skyscraper." Claude Estee, the screen writer living like a Civil War colonel in a reproduction Mississippi mansion. Harry Greener, Faye's father, an ex-vaudeville clown, now lush and door-to-door salesman of Miracle (furniture) Polish. Homer Simpson, retired hotel accountant; "except for his hands, which belonged on a piece of monumental sculpture, and his small head, he was well proportioned—like one of Picasso's sterile athletes, who brood hopelessly on pink sand, staring at veined marbled waves." The rest of the cast is a dwarf, a whore, a Hollywood cowboy, a Mexican cockfighter, a family of performing Eskimos, an expert in funerals, Anna and Annabelle Lee, a sister act of the 1910s and a child actor named Adore. All have come to the city of the angels

to participate in the American illusion—"those poor devils," West tells us, "who can only be stirred by the promise of miracles and then only to violence." Appropriately their violence occurs at a movie premier. Homer, crazed because Faye has left his house, is tormented by Adore. He stomps on the child, and is hoisted and beaten (murdered?) by the crowd which then runs amuck, turning on itself. This is the enactment of the calendar art inspiration that Tod has been contemplating from the start, "The Burning of Los Angeles." His names are Tod, the German death; and Hackett the sign of the hack.

Tod comes off better in the movie than in the novel because the movie plays to our presumptions about young slim and educated men: that they are better than the world they observe for their youth, shape and learning, and that, like Nick Carraway, they have the best of cynicism and innocence. But the movie as a whole is worse than the book for pursuing this mistake. There is no hero of West's novel. We are not meant to focus on Tod Hackett, as we do in the movie, any more than on Homer Simpson or the Eskimos. In West's mind they are freaks, which is why his depictions of them are both shocking and easily done.

The movie is worse than the book, yet both are failures. Because the movie makes us see the failures in sequence, its cheapness is infuriating; whereas the cheapness of the novel is merely dismal. First there is the failure of confuse

myths: In the novel we seem to be dealing with Exodus because the mob is compared to locusts, and the locusts of Exodus were brought by an east wind. Yet we do not know who are West's chosen people, where they are going, or who plays Pharaoh. The name Homer seems to evoke different myths, but since no other comparisons are offered, the name merely suggests a slipshod irony. The movie adds the Jesus dimension by creating an Aimee Semple McPherson revival meeting and by making Homer into a tortured Christian (a little child shall lead the mob by getting its head kicked in). Whose sins Homer is dying for, and what beatitude he conveys remain mysterious.

West's greater failure is that his characters are empty. Edmund Wilson considered this emptiness a virtue, but there is a difference between an empty character and emptiness without character, one having potential poignancy because there is the memory or suspicion of something gone, the other stirring nothing in us because nothing was ever there. We have Faye Greener, another weighty name, whose "affectations . . . were so completely artificial that [Tod] found them charming." But who is Tod to find Faye, or anyone, charming? And on what authenticities are Faye's affectations built?

One way of answering such questions is to blame Hollywood; an illusion industry breeds bogus people. Yet *Burning in the Rain* is a Hollywood story, in many ways the mirror image of *The Day of the Locust*, depending on the same backdrop of heightened unreality; still, we do not feel as dissatisfied with character there as we do with West. Unlike Tod, Faye and Homer, the scope of ambition of the three characters played by Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds and Donald O'Connor is defined—limited, but defined. They are real, if only people, with real feelings about reality, that, because it is perceived by them, seems strangely real. Conversely the heroes of *The Day of the Locust* are false people with false feelings about reality, that, because it is perceived by them seems doubly false.

The controlling failure of *The Day of the Locust*, movie and book, is the failure of West's imagination. That we know and care nothing about his characters is not crucial, and in fact could serve as an artistic advantage if there were a recognizable idea, plan or passion in which the various emptinesses cooperated. Like Tod with his "Burning of Los Angeles," however, West has no conceptual design. He wishes an imagina-

tion on himself, and so starting without a central feeling or experience of his own, grasps extreme manifestations of all feeling and experience in the vague hope that luck, or his readers, will meld them.

Without a conceptual design, of course, the novel can never take off. Since its structure is consciously haphazard, no worthwhile accidents befall it. *The Dream Life of Balso Snell* (1931), West's first novella, depends on the same strategy. The semi-hysterical voice given the characters in *Balso Snell* not only creates the misimpression of urgency, but of poetry. Invention passes for imagination.

This generally is the strategy behind *Miss Lonelyhearts* (1936), a better book by inches than *The Day of the Locust*, yet one which also tries to create meaning out of something other than itself. The something in *Miss Lonelyhearts* is talk. Characters are forged out of a combination of language and brooding, which is akin to building people out of clothes. Like *The Day of the Locust*, *Miss Lonelyhearts* has been especially attractive to undergraduate writers because it relies on freaks as unspecified symbols. West seemed to think that the cripples of the world are the ones who limp in the open.

His trouble is not that he simply relied on images for effect, but that he believed that images are equivalent to ideas. West may have deplored and ridiculed Tod's art, but to make the ridicule stick, West himself must do better than Tod in the context where Tod is put. In a book about a riot, only the author need know where he wishes to go; but if he too is out of control, the book becomes the riot. All that talent for detail which Edmund Wilson praised so strongly is merely talent after all.

What precisely does *The Day of the Locust* mean? That boredom becomes violence when it glimpses dreamland? That people "come to California to die" (West's phrase)? That murder is a form of passion? That there is virtue in numbers, philosophy in bedlam? That Hollywood is dreadful? That America is dreadful, and Hollywood is its emblem? That the rich get rich, and the poor get angry? That art cannot measure up to life? That men are bestial by nature, or for the fun of it? That reality itself is murderous?

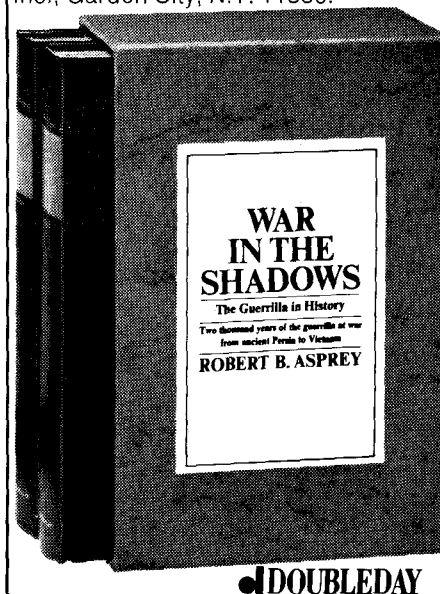
Or does it mean that a mob is a mob is a mob? In self defense West once said, "I believe there is a place for the fellow who yells fire and indicates where some of the smoke is coming from without

actually dragging the hose to the spot." Never mind the hose; what is the fire? What sin or enemy is named in *The Day of the Locust*—poverty, idleness, commerce, sunstroke, play-acting? Wilson said "the most impressive thing in the book is [West's] picture" of lost souls. But that is exactly the least impressive thing about the book, because it is the only impressive thing—a "picture," a scene, without body or coherence. An image is not an idea, and any old holocaust is not a tragedy.

Still West is crafty. He never tells or shows us what he aims to say, so he cannot be accused of missing or lying. Instead he covers for himself, particularly at moments of intensity, with comic detours from feeling, asides to the readers, and smirks, smirks especially. His strength is shown most clearly where people deliberately say things they do not mean. Mrs. Schwartzen the tennis champ exclaims "how silly, batting an inoffensive ball across something that ought to be used to catch fish on account of millions are starving for a bite of herring," thus making a joke of what she does best in terms of someone else's outrage, that itself is feigned in the

"Monumental"*

This definitive history of guerrilla warfare, from Darius of Persia to the war in Indo-China is "excellent in every respect" (Gen. Matthew B. Ridgeway); "superb . . . comprehensive" (Gen. James M. Gavin); "a reference book for scholars and an enthralling book about some of the world's classic battles" (Robert Shaplen*). 1622 pps; 2 vols., in slipcase; index and bibliog.; \$35.00 at bookstores or postpaid from Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530.



name of social justice, of which she also makes a joke. This is what West does every time he comes close to being serious, meaning vulnerable.

The abiding cheapness of *The Day of the Locust* is not what it contains, however, but what it plays on. Because of their calculated imprecisions, both book and movie appeal to an anarchy of the spirit which invests mob rule with moral authority. In retrospect such authority claims its own mythology, and we are hoodwinked into thinking that savagery is reasonable. Undoubtedly West would have denied that he ever intended such a thing, but as his own work demonstrates, the absence of intent is no reprieve.

New myths do not come a dime a dozen, nor are old ones evoked by listing their trappings. Namedrop a Homer or summon the Book of Exodus, and we still require those gods or politics by which human perplexities may be illuminated. Without them there is merely a mayhem of symbols at which one ohs and ahs as at the rubber horse planted at the bottom of Claude Estee's swimming pool: a meaningless object put there by meaningless people as a meaningless gesture to spark an inarticulate reaction.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence

Galled

To the editors:

I wish to correct a statement attributed to me by David Sanford ("The Death of Trujillo/Kennedy Complicity?" *TNR*, June 28). After noting that Norman Gall's reference to President Kennedy's alleged involvement in the Trujillo assassination was edited out, Mr. Sanford states, "Shannon's recollection last week was that he felt in '63 that *The New Republic* was being excessively cautious in editing it out."

I could not have thought that in 1963 because I myself advised Mr. Gall to omit any reference to Kennedy, advice that is accurately cited by Mr. Sanford earlier in his article.

What I told Mr. Sanford last month on

the telephone was something quite different. I said that in 1975, after all that has come out about the CIA in recent years, I would agree in retrospect that *The New Republic* might have been excessively cautious in editing it out. I agreed with Gilbert Harrison's editing of the piece in 1963, and his caution may yet prove to be a sound editorial judgment. At least, the Church committee has not yet come up with what it regards as firm proof of President Kennedy's direct, personal knowledge.

William V. Shannon
The New York Times

In reply:

Mr. Shannon's memory fails him, not only about his thoughts in 1963 but about his words in 1975. When I phoned him at his vacation place in Rehoboth Beach several weeks ago he reminisced at helpful length about the remembered circumstances of Norman Gall's article. "Norman Gall is an old friend of mine," he said, "and I think I introduced him, or introduced his work, to Gil Harrison. As I remember the piece, you could do worse than to just reprint it." I then asked Shannon if he could recall anything in the first draft of the Gall manuscript implicating President Kennedy in the Trujillo killing. "Well I do," he replied. "I think I thought at the time that Gil Harrison was being excessively cautious in editing that out." Shannon then proceeded to say that, of course, people had a somewhat different view of the CIA in those days, and more sympathy for the presidency: "I don't mean that Kennedy was putting pressure on Gil Harrison . . . but it was an administration that was so responsive to the press and so alert to everything that was published about itself that I think Gil Harrison was more conscious that he would get a telephone call from the White House or from somebody connected with the administration the minute this appeared and he therefore decided that while the piece should be printed that maybe he wouldn't tempt the President's wrath by pinning it on him directly . . . I think that it is true that President Kennedy would have been briefed on something like that. He could just have listened and nodded noncommittally; there'd be nothing on paper or anything, and you couldn't say he ordered it; he just didn't stop it."

Mr. Shannon now realizes that he himself favored protecting Kennedy in

1963. Memory does distort things. Already Mr. Shannon has forgotten what he said to me six weeks ago. I stand by my account.

David Sanford.

Malpractice Malady

To the editors:

With regard to the article by Paul Starr, ("The Doctors' Discomfort," *TNR*, June 28) it is my belief that the medical profession will regret submitting itself to a binding arbitration procedure for the trial of malpractice claims. Such a procedure is effective where the claim presented is relatively small, uncomplicated and can be heard in a matter of a few hours or at the most, one day. However, most of the serious malpractice claims involve very technical and complicated questions of medicine and science and further require a great deal of proof and testimony.

Where the claim is substantial, and the exposure is large, the American Arbitration Association makes it a practice to employ the services of three arbitrators. These men are not judges but lawyers or doctors or in related fields. They are therefore taking time away from their own personal and professional pursuit to hear the dispute and decide upon it. In the Syracuse area, it is unusual for them to be paid over \$200 a day and some thing less than that is the average.

The hearings are held usually in hotel or motel room. Adjournments are frequent, and several months can elapse before one dispute is heard in its entirety. The problem of getting three arbitrators together for prolonged periods of time and coordinating their schedules with the litigants and their witnesses, is obvious. The dynamics of arbitration are not as compelling as those of a courtroom. Furthermore, it is a practical impossibility to obtain the services of a stenographer. The arbitrators rely upon their own notes, memories and discussions with each other for the basis of their decision. The most serious and obvious problem is that the right of appeal for either side is for all practical purposes destroyed. Without a record the possibility of reversible and prejudicial error is rampant.

The medical profession would do well to look at its track record in a courtroom. My information is that it

batting approximately 80 percent for cases that are tried. The safeguards of a judge and a jury apparently operate to the advantage of the doctor. I think doctors will be disillusioned after experiences in arbitration.

Donald L. Schoenwald
Syracuse, New York

To the editors:

Your article by Paul Starr was, for the most part, an excellent analysis of a most complex problem. I would only make two points: First, I question strongly Mr. Starr's twice-stated conclusion that "... the legislatures of the country are comprised largely of representatives of their chief adversaries in this matter, the lawyers." Perhaps Mr. Starr has statistics to back this up, but it certainly is not true here in Michigan, where, in a legislature of 148 (38 in the Senate and 110 in the House), we have only a grand total of 11 lawyers. We did not even have a sufficient number in either chamber to staff the judiciary committees. I fear that it is a common, and oft-repeated myth in this country, that the lawyers run the legislatures. That has never been true in the Wolverine State, where the lawmakers have almost completely capitulated to the medical lobby, and are giving the doctors virtually everything they requested—including an arbitration system to replace our time-honored, constitutionally-guaranteed jury system—which brings me to my second point. The arbitration system, which Mr. Starr appears to favor, will seriously jeopardize the injured patient's rights. We have always prided ourselves in this country with an *impartial* judge and jury to hear the grievances of people. Under the "Michigan Plan" of arbitration, we will now stack the arbitration panel with the most *partial* people we can find: a doctor (of the same specialty as the man being tried), a lawyer (not necessarily one versed in trial work or negligence law), and a layman" (who, we are told, will probably be a skilled person such as a CPA, architect or engineer). As Mr. Starr points out we are solving the malpractice "crisis" without even attempting to resolve or even confront the real cause of the "crisis": malpractice itself.

Eugene D. Mossner
Saginaw, Michigan

A Sneak Preview

To the editors:

Morton Halperin (TNR, June 21) will just have to accept the fact that *The Great Detente Disaster: Oil and American Foreign Policy* says what he is (or was) going to say, though not, of course, better than he would have liked to have said it. Each point he makes in his piece about the dangers of OPEC oil price increases already appears in our book—and quite a number more. Halperin, in fact, has not written a book review but a sneak preview: Our main objection is that he evidently prefers to sign his name to it rather than ours. At long last we can understand why the Secretary of State had trouble understanding why anyone would want to tap Halperin's telephone, knowing that all you are liable to get is somebody else's version of last year's news.

Halperin says we repeat ourselves (though what it was we said so redundantly must remain incomprehensible to any reader who fails to infer that Halperin's complaint is that his ideas are dressed up in our words).

Halperin objects that a last-straw US option that we call neonationalism is bad, for, of all reasons, its likely effects on world trade! Confronted with a narrow, hostile perspective that would alternate between retreat from responsibility and military action to make America safe for isolationism, all he can say is that it would disrupt trade! Yet further he erroneously regards this possibility of neonationalism as our preference and prescription when it is, alas, our sad prediction, if high energy prices become a permanent feature of the world political economy.

In the Halperin version, the Secretary of State did not challenge the four-to-five-times oil price increase (11 times since 1970), since allegedly Kissinger did not understand economics. Naturally in discussing so momentous a choice (which well may mold the contours of the global political landscape until the end of the century) we do not sing a simple song. Rather than charging the Secretary of State with ignorance, we see his conclusions as flowing clearly from his premises: a lasting peace eluding all previous American statesmen could be achieved through détente with the Soviet Union. The constant invocation of this phrase serves to elicit reciprocating acts that hopefully might one day support its pleasing substance. In the absence of a national will to act

such a policy of substituting talk for action has had widespread domestic appeal. Had the Secretary of State in October, 1973 concurred with our view of the oil crisis—that it would destabilize the West, further impoverish the poor, weaken the wealthy, intensify class and

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

MOVING?

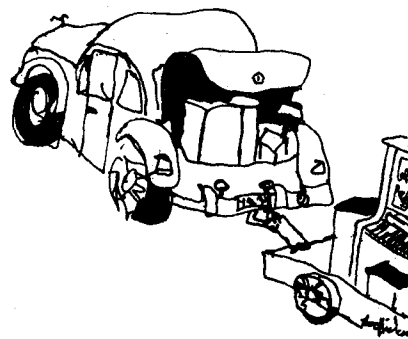
PLEASE NOTIFY US
6 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

MAIL TO:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
381 West Center Street
Marion, Ohio 43302



ATTACH LABEL HERE for address change or inquiry. If you are receiving duplicate copies of TNR please send both labels. If moving, list new address above. Note: your subscription will end with the month and year given on the top line of label. Example: Jul 77 means subscription will end in July 1977.

racial conflict in America and elsewhere—he might have acted very differently because he then would have seen the political consequences differently. Not because he suddenly learned what any economic adviser could have told him in 10 minutes about oil prices.

If one thing could be done to increase food production, to avoid mass starvation in poor countries, to limit the gigantic sales of arms and nuclear reactors in the Middle East, to reduce inflation and increase employment in the United States, to preserve environmental values against depredations by alternative forms of energy, and to bolster the European economies, it would be a very substantial reduction in rigged monopoly oil prices. Does anyone doubt this? Then why are some so alarmed when the Ford administration takes steps to increase the domestic price of oil by two dollars or three dollars a barrel, if an OPEC increase of nine dollars is all right? Those who think that OPEC nations are entitled to their money or that accommodating behavior will persuade them that it is better to be poorer than richer, should give our little book a try.

We can agree with Halperin on one thing: It is right to worry about the evil consequences of OPEC and oil prices. But must one wait for his purported forthcoming work on this subject rather than read its predecessor, *The Great Detente Disaster*, now.

Edward I. Friedland
Paul Seabury
Aaron B. Wildavsky
Berkeley, California

In reply:

I regret that the authors of *The Great Detente Disaster* chose to respond to my review on an *ad hominem* basis. I will not comment on those parts of their letter

except to tell your readers not to look for a book from me on this subject; I am not writing one.

No reader of my review could have been in doubt of my basic sympathy for the general approach of the book. My problem was with the organization, style and tone, which I fear will persuade no one. I would be more than pleased if I turned out to be wrong.

On one substantive issue the authors ignore my alternative hypothesis. I suggested that Kissinger's approach to the Middle East reflected his basically anti-Soviet posture wrapped in *détente* not, as the authors argue, his desire for *détente* at any price.

Morton Halperin

An Awkward Tool

To the editors:

Bruce Freed's article on the House Democratic caucus (*TNR*, July 5 & 12) is correct in assessing it as "simply too large and unwieldy to provide leadership except when a consensus has developed beforehand," but I would differ with him on one conclusion.

He says that "the caucus must be able to instruct committees on major legislative questions." Let's take a practical example: Apparently a majority of Democratic members now do not favor any type of compromise with Panama on the canal. A majority of Democrats—including, I regret to say, a majority of my fellow Democratic freshmen—even voted on June 26 to cut off any funds for the State Department for negotiation. Yet justice, common sense and a hard appraisal of the facts lead to the conclusion that serious negotiation with Panama is desirable. If someone suddenly introduces a resolution in the caucus that calls for a halt to all negotiation, should that be a substitute for the two committees directly involved carefully going into the facts? Should those two committees feel bound by a caucus decision?

My observation at both the national and state levels is that a caucus is a body ruled primarily by emotion. A committee may be too, but it is less likely. A committee examines the facts with some care; a caucus listens to a few minutes of arguments and then decides.

The caucus has a function. By elimi-

nating automatic seniority, the caucus has encouraged greater sensitivity by committee chairpersons to Democratic sentiment generally.

Selection of leaders by the caucus remains the basic leverage for determining policy other than votes on the issues. A caucus can also refuse to grant seniority on committees to members who do not support the party's presidential nominee.

But for policy pronouncements, it remains an awkward tool, an instrument more likely to do damage than to effect good.

The instruments available for effective policy definition are the leadership offices and the steering and policy committee. But to use a caucus for policy pronouncements does a disservice to the deliberative process.

Paul Simon
US Congressman
24th District, Illinois

Defining Inflation

To the editors:

However well intentioned Charles L. Schultze ("Another Oil Recession," *TNR*, July 5 & 12) may be, he advocates the continued rip-off of the American people via inflation. Schultze states "... it is critical ... that energy price increases, from whatever sources, be balanced by fiscal and monetary measures that restore to consumers the purchasing power they lose by the price rise ..." It sounds noble but is possible only in theory.

The government's money comes from three basic sources: 1) taxes; 2) borrowing; and 3) the printing press (or accountant's pen). Schultze recommends that the restoration of purchasing power be made at least in part via Federal Reserve Board induced "growth in the money supply" (a nice euphemism for source number three). But any person who checks his pocket dictionary knows that this is the very definition of inflation—an abnormal increase in the volume of money and credit resulting in a substantial and continuing rise in the price level.

Nice try, Mr. Schultze, blaming foreigners for the inflations and recessions that follow. It's been done before

WRITERS WHY WAIT? PUBLISH YOUR BOOK IN 90 DAYS

... and get expert editing, design, manufacture, publicity, promotion and advertising—all under one roof at low costs. Two **free books** and literature give details and success stories. Write or call Dept. 107

EXPOSITION PRESS, INC.

900 So. Oyster Bay Rd., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801
(516) 822-5700

though. "The depression," President Hoover said in a radio address on October 18, 1931, "has been deepened by events from abroad which are beyond the control either of our citizens or our governments."

Paul Morsey
Owensboro, Kentucky

ones, the eye has very little more choice than at a film.) I believe that almost every power that Cole attributes to the theater is possible to film—and film has some that are denied to the theater. The physical presence of imagined truth takes place, except for the literal-minded, in film as well as theater. The director of film takes on some of the shamanic-hunganic attributes that the theater director does not have, but I cannot see why such films as *Persona*, *A Man Escaped*, *8½*, *La Grande Illusion*, and *The Gold Rush* are not exalting experiences of an *illus tempus* made present.

Cole ends his book with a two page "set of propositions" that fix much of what he has been saying. He calls them "half-truths." So do I. He knows that no one book or set of views is a prescription for perfection. But his book, the product of insight and fervor and reflection, is very valuable.

Kauffmann, from page 26

absolute—the implication that there exists a platonically ideal performance of (say) *Hamlet*, that we know what it is, and that any deviation from it is a refusal of the play's *illus tempus*. I despise the director who begins by asking himself, "What can I do to this production to put my imprint on it?" There are clear-cut cases of directorial distortion which, like actors' audience-groping, leave no doubt of their failure. But I have seen highly individualized "concept" productions that were not my ideas of those plays but that still seemed attempts to reach the *illa tempora*. Can Cole rule absolutely? I can't.

Further, his concentration on the shamanic-hunganic function of the actor leads to such statements as: Historical period and social class count or nothing in determining how a theater character may speak . . . The only limit on a character's ability to manifest consciousness is whatever limits there may be on his consciousness itself." This seems to move his principles from the spiritual-archetypal into the merely mediumistic. The power of Cole's rediscoveries for me is that he crystallizes a force for the deepest manifestations of human diversity, not an undifferentiated electric current that will light up a lot of identical light bulbs. And I offer one difference with Cole, not a criticism. Except for a few passing references, he makes no mention of film.

I think one of those references is wrong. He says that in contrast to film and TV, the theater is the place where the eye "chooses for itself when to look, where to pan, what to watch." Only in bad theater productions. In good

The Classifieds

Personals

HOW CLEARLY DO YOU THINK?

Try this one.

Cut a square into four pieces, and join them to form (with no overlaps) an equilateral cross.



Want to improve your creative thinking? Send a (tax-deductible) donation (You decide how much a mind is worth.) to THE FOUNDATION FOR THE ENHANCEMENT OF HUMAN INTELLIGENCE, 1900-AD Packard Rd., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104. You will receive FREE an article about man's most powerful problem-solving tool.

SPIRITUAL REGENERATION CREDO, Free - ALPHA, Box 1379, Moultrie, Georgia 31768. Stamps appreciated.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles- anywhere. Call DATELINE, Toll-free (800) 451-3245.

ADVERTISE IN GLEANINGS MAGAZINE. Only 20¢ per word. 1950 Post, #108NR, San Francisco, California 94115

DIVORCED MEN. Book author seeks interviews with men screwed by divorce system. Cassidy, 1901 South Halsted, Chicago 60608

PRESBYTERIAN GAY CAUCUS - for gay and concerned nongay Presbyterians. PGC, Dept. NR, P.O. Box 2073, Chicago 60690

MAN, 67 - occupationally active, reasonably bright, attractive, seeks feminine companionship in exploring Manhattan's culture/fun potential. New Republic Box 7105.

WOMAN's ESCORT, 44 - Box 5531, Rockville, Maryland 20855

NEW, EROTIC CONDOMS - colors, shapes, specially textured surfaces that urge a woman to let go. Service is discreet, fast, and guaranteed. For sampler of 15 assorted condoms and an explicit, full-color catalog send \$3 to: Stamford Hygienics, Dept. NR-1, P.O. Box 932, Stamford, Connecticut 06904

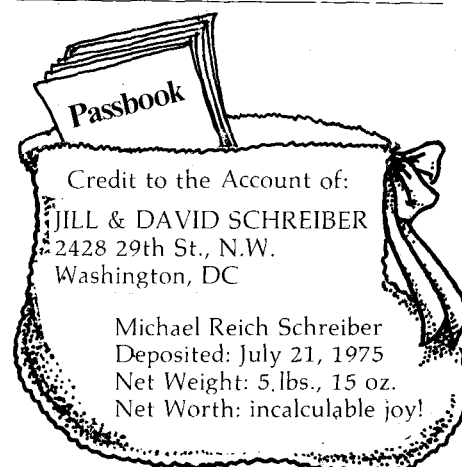
BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY, New. Information: Dept. NR, R.D. 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pennsylvania 18036

PEOPLE ALWAYS SAY how good American Indians are with their hands. Give them a chance to show what they can do with their minds. Help keep an individual Indian child of the Southwest in school. Be a personal friend. The cost is low - \$15 per month. The rewards are priceless. Write for further information to: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery Blvd., N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109.

TRANSESTITE/TRANSEXUAL CASETTES: Best available. "The Male Transvestite," comprehensive overview, \$12; "Joanne's Story," candid transsexual interview, \$12; "The Hardest Decisions," extraordinary pastoral counseling, \$8.95. All three, \$26.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. Details on request. CONFIDE, Box 56-NRH, Tappan, New York 10983. (914) 359-8860.

EMBARRASSED AT THE GYNECOLOGIST? Or urologist? Summer of '42 syndrome? Licensed family planning expert will provide medically sound answers for all questions regarding contraception and sexuality. Send question(s) and \$1 fee to A. Hoffman, 1411 Westgate, Los Angeles, California 90025.

CAN'T SLEEP? READ? THINK? Mack's "Pillowsoft" Earplugs. Moldable Soundproofing. Ear Doctor recommended. Guaranteed! \$2.99. Eyeshade, \$3.99. SLEEP MACHINE. FREE DETAILS. HARRINGTON, 359-B East 68th Street, New York, New York 10021.



COLORFILES - unique, multicolored, transparent plastic folders for organizing notes, clippings, bills. Ideal desk top and briefcase instant reference system. Four for \$2.79, postage paid. 9200 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90069.

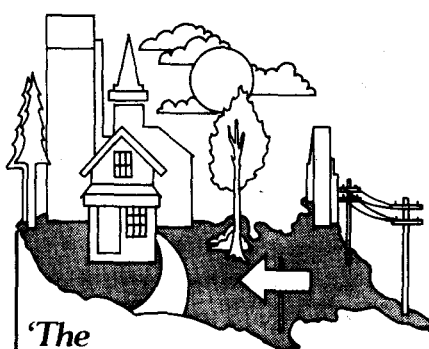
MAN, FIFTIES, SEEKING WOMAN COMPANION. Interested outdoors, travel, arts. Pittsburgh area, Reply New Republic Box 7070.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH, \$10.00 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th Street, New York 10016

Peace Personals

EXPLORE HAPPENINGS IN PORTUGAL in Peace Seminar October 6 to 15. Contact Promoting Enduring Peace, Box 103, Woodmont, Connecticut 06460.

Celebration '76 Radio



'The Connecticut Yankee' is not a tale about baseball . . .

Neither is the fable about the Massachusetts Indians at the Boston Tea Party. Hear the stories of

**Connecticut
and
Massachusetts
on The States
of the Union**

NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO's weekly series devoted to the 50 states. Check local listings for broadcast times, or write:

Npr National Public Radio
2025 M St., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036

Bumperstickers

"SAVE THE ECONOMY: Trade in a Ford in '76" bumperstickers. \$1.00; 3/\$2.50. P. Pelland G.O. Box 175-NR, Chicopee, Massachusetts 01021

"TENNIS, ANYONE?" tastefully done on 3"x11½" white vinyl; easily removable. (Works on luggage, too.) 3/\$2.75. WRY IDEAS, Rye, New York 10580

"BAN BUMPER STICKERS" \$1.00 each. **"IGNORE THIS SIGN"** \$1.00 each. W. Laverick, Box 3788, Chula Vista, California 92011

KENNEDY '76. Bumperstrips, 3/\$1.00. Buttons, 3/\$1.00. ECHO, 136 Churchill Road, Fairfield, Connecticut 06432

BUMPERSTICKER: "Put a Ford in your past/Vote Democratic in '76." 2/\$1, Dept. NR, Paul Associates, Box 1224, Westfield, New Jersey 07092

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Lowcost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Campaign '76

DEMOCRATS - Let's draft Governor Reubin Askew for 1976. Write Robert Rutland, Ednam Forest, Charlottesville, Virginia 22901.

Stationery

PROFESSIONALS - top quality business/social stationery at discount. Colorful sampler/catalogue 50¢. Jacques Stationery, (395N), Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

Literature

THE COST OF DYING: A consumer's alternative to the \$3,000 American funeral. By Raymond Paavo Arvio. \$6.95 at your bookseller or HARPER & ROW, 10 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022

WOMEN: A JOURNAL OF LIBERATION. A Socialist-Feminist quarterly. \$5 per volume. 3028 Greenmount Ave., Baltimore, Maryland 21218

"WOMEN, MEN and POETRY" by Barbara Gibbs Golfing. 50 cents, Rat & Mole Press, P.O. Box 111, Amherst, Massachusetts 01002.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

READ THE GUARDIAN—Newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., \$1.00 GUARDIAN, Dept. N.R., 33 West 17th Street, New York, New York 10011 (Full Year \$12.50, student \$7.50)

60¢ per word

#3

ON THE HOUSE

400,000 readers

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S special introductory "3 for 2" offer works like this. You pay for 2 insertions . . . we give you #3 FREE (on the house). Why? Because THE NEW REPUBLIC knows that your multiple insertions produce the results your advertising deserves.

☐ Please run the enclosed ad _____ times.

☐ Advance payment of _____ enclosed.

TNR CLASSIFIEDS

. . . the foundation for your successful advertising!

TNR Box numbers = 3 words to cover cost of postage and handling
(See frequency rates next page)

Literary Services

WRITING COLLABORATORS NEEDED -with new angles on who promoted recent student upheavals. Box 905, State University, Arkansas 72467

EDITING, TYPING, PROOFREADING gal-
leys. Complete manuscript services. Books,
articles, theses. D.C. area. (301) 422-2306.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful
authors: publicity, advertising, promotion,
beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for
free manuscript report and detailed booklet.
Carlton Press, Dept. RZT, 84 Fifth Avenue,
New York, New York 10011

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as
few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover,
pamphlets. Quality, economy, and coopera-
tion. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R,
Floral Park, New York 11011

WRITERS — "UNSALEABLE" MANU-
SCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES,
340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

Books Wanted

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, John McDon-
ald, E. Doc Smith and sci-fi classics wanted.
Will buy or trade. New Republic Box 7110.

HYATTSVILLE M.D. with FRANK MERRI-
WELL NOVELS—please contact Philip Ter-
zian, 3801 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washing-
ton, DC 20008 (202) 362-5943

WANTED—BOOKS About civil liberties and
ibertarians. Cases, theory, biography, auto-
biography. Good condition only. New Repub-
lic Box 7055.

Home Instruction

READ FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN OR
SPANISH within weeks without memorizing
anything. Revolutionary new Rundle Sys-
tem. Send \$19.95, specify language, or write
for free London Daily Telegraph feature
article. Templegate Publishers, Dept. C, Box
663, Springfield, Illinois 62705

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-
week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits
to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all
ages, occupations. Departures June through
December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Ex-
change Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue,
New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960

Business Opportunities

NEED MONEY? Mail commission circulars
from home! Details, send stamped self-
addressed envelope. D. Byrd, 616 Briarcliffe
d., Upper Darby, Pennsylvania 19082.

Spare Time

INCREDIBLE LIFETIME INCOME writing
short reports at home. Free information.
Towers Club, Box 209R, Delta, Pennsyl-
vania 17314

Property - Sale/Rent

MAINE COAST - Waterfront rental over-
looking harbor and fishing village. Near
Audubon sanctuary. SHAPIRO, RIVER RD.,
EDGEComb, MAINE 04556 (207) 633-
2638.

RED CLOVER CREEK IN NORTHERN
CALIFORNIA. Beautiful Sierra stream land
at Indian Creek fork. Dramatic mountain
setting. We previously advertised small plan
of private two acre parcels and primitive
commons areas, restrictions protecting natu-
ral forest setting, electricity, year around
paved access, National Forest surrounding
and excellent swimming and fishing. Most
sold to New Republic respondents. We have
now completed a similar very small plan for
permanent homes or retreats, combining all
the above with partial self-sufficiency pro-
vided by adjacent irrigated pasture, meadow
and commons garden area. Wish to encour-
age experimentation with alternate energy.
Write H. Page, Taylorsville, California 95983

BEAUTIFUL MANSION overlooking ocean
on Cape Cod, has private room for perma-
nent retired person. Apply (617) 540-0399.

Vacation/Travel

PLEASURE PACK through the most scenic
regions of the Canadian Rockies. Our two-
week odysseys, Sept. 13-27 introduce trek-
ers to backpacking and high mountain
adventure. Small, amicable groups. Experi-
enced leadership. Great food! Open to fam-
ilies/singles. Shorter, year-round Eastern
excursions - backpacking, rock climbing x-
country skiing, canoeing. ODYSSEY, LTD.,
26 Hilltop, Berkeley Heights, New Jersey
07922. (201) 322-8414.

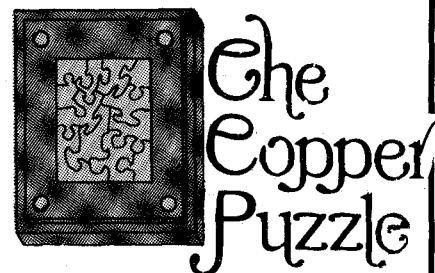
CHRISTMAS VACATION IN ASPEN, Co-
lorado - three bedroom house. Box 894,
Aspen 81611

JAMAICA - Modern beachfront villa, four
bedrooms, maid, cook, \$200/week. Noel, 141
Ridgefield, Hartford, Connecticut 06112.
(203) 247-0759

Arts & Crafts

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED
GLASS" 50¢ Whittemore, Box 2065PP,
Hanover, Massachusetts 02339

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRO-
DUCTIONS. Masterpieces by Utamaro,
Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. Catalog fully illus-
trated with 486 subjects. \$8.00. Write Adachi
Institute, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan or Fuji
Ueda, 17841 Golfview Road. Homewood,
Illinois 60430.



Pure copper puzzle mounted between
Plexiglas and cork with solid brass
screws. Mounted size 5" x 7". Each puz-
zle is original and completely hand-
crafted. Send \$30 for each puzzle to:

thom hickam
809 n. wayne st. #3b
arlington va. 22201

Sports Equipment

BACKPACKING, SKI TOURING, CAMP-
ING EQUIPMENT. Touring kayak kits,
foldboats, accessories. Books, guides. Person-
alized, rapid service by knowledgeable, con-
cerned people. Free catalog. MOOR &
MOUNTAIN, Dept. 44, 63 Park Street,
Andover, Massachusetts 01810

Music

SOCIETY OF FOUR-HANDED PIANISTS-
forming to provide new music. SOFT Infor-
mation, Box 349, Bath, South Carolina 29816

BEST kits yet for Dulcimers, plucked or
hammered, mt. style banjos, psalteries,
thumb pianos, kazoos. Also completed in-
struments and instruction books, records,
and cases. HERE, INC., 410 Cedar, Minnea-
polis, Minnesota 55454.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Fine and last-
ing musical instruments in kit form. Patented
Burton Jacks. Write Box 80222N Lincoln,
Nebraska 68501, for free brochure.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by
Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful moderate-
ly priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield
Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

DULCIMERS, FRETLESS BANJOS of high-
est quality craftsmanship and materials.
Sunhearth, Roaring Spring, Pennsylvania
16673

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion) 60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year 55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year 50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year 45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year 40¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for
Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One
Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

GET THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY. IF YOU HATE IT, IT'S FREE.

You may hate it.

The Washington Monthly's platform for the 70s, which includes free health care and free enterprise, does not fit the usual liberal or conservative molds.

But we think you'll like it.

The New York Times says it's "indispensable," I.F. Stone says it's "outstanding" and Nicholas Von Hoffman says it "does its specialty—politics and government—better than any other magazine around."

The
Washington
Monthly



The Washington Monthly

1028 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036

Please send me "What Do We Do Next" and the current issue of The Washington Monthly free. If I like them, I'll receive a one-year subscription for \$10. If I don't like them, I will write "cancel" across your bill, return it, and that will be that. In either case, "What Do We Do Next" and the complimentary issue are mine to keep.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

m-02